

ALL
NEW
COMICS



IRON MUNRO



DOC SAVAGE



BILL BARNES



FRANK MERRIWELL

**BIG
PRIZE
CONTEST**

Shadow Comics

№ 1 • 1940

10
CENTS



Introducing THE *Shadow*

THE MOST POPULAR CHARACTER IN AMERICA

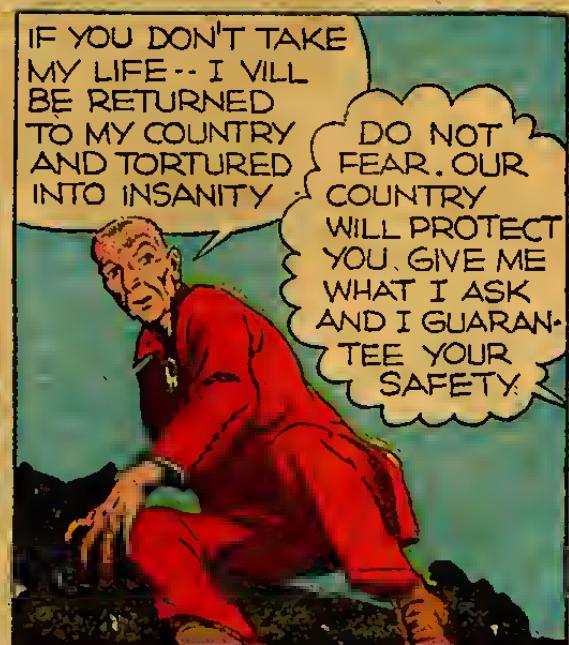
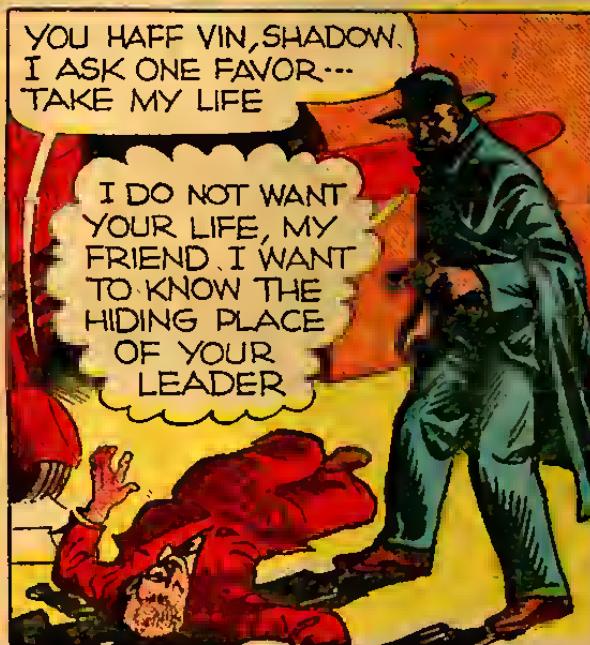
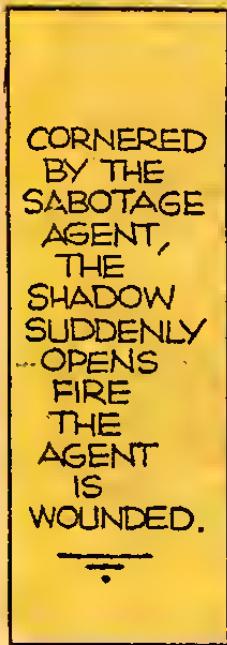
The Shadow is featured every month in THE SHADOW Magazine, he is heard every Sunday afternoon on a coast-to-coast radio network and is rated the most popular daytime show, Columbia Pictures have made a wonderful motion picture of his adventures and are now showing it at your neighborhood theater—all this is proof that The Shadow is America's favorite character.

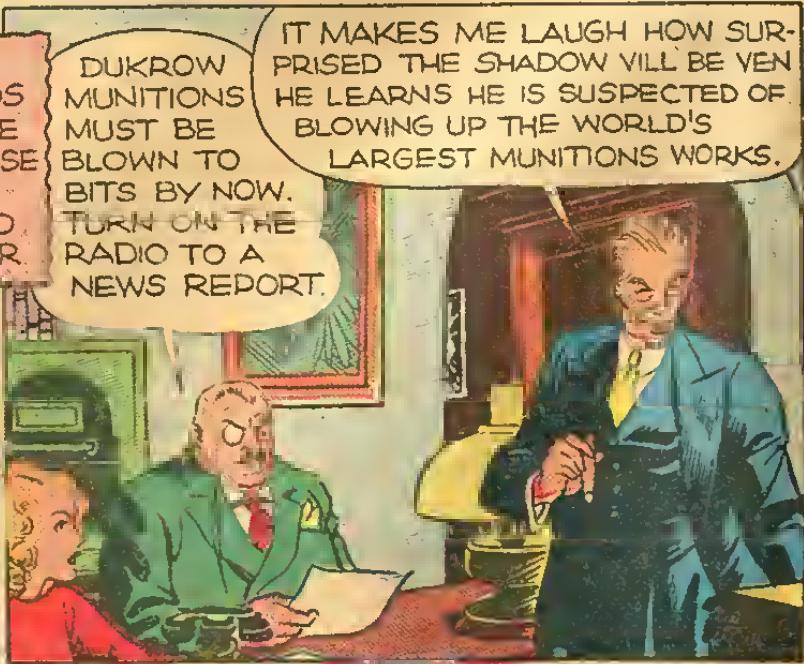
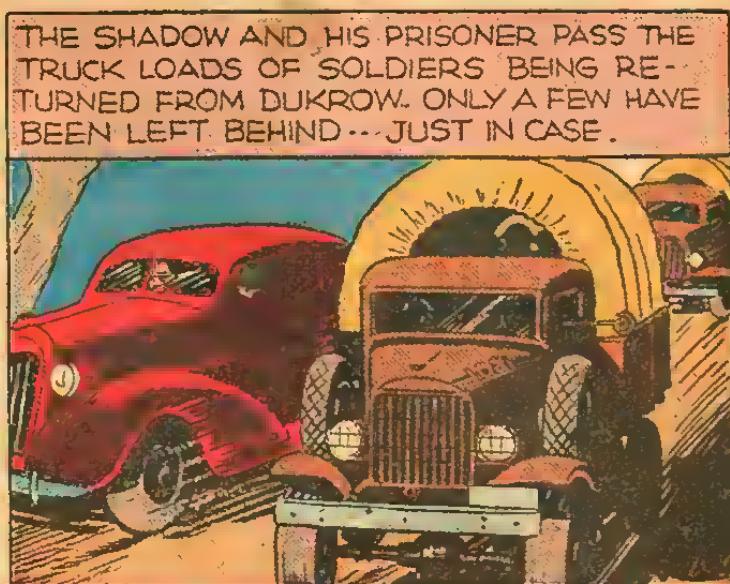
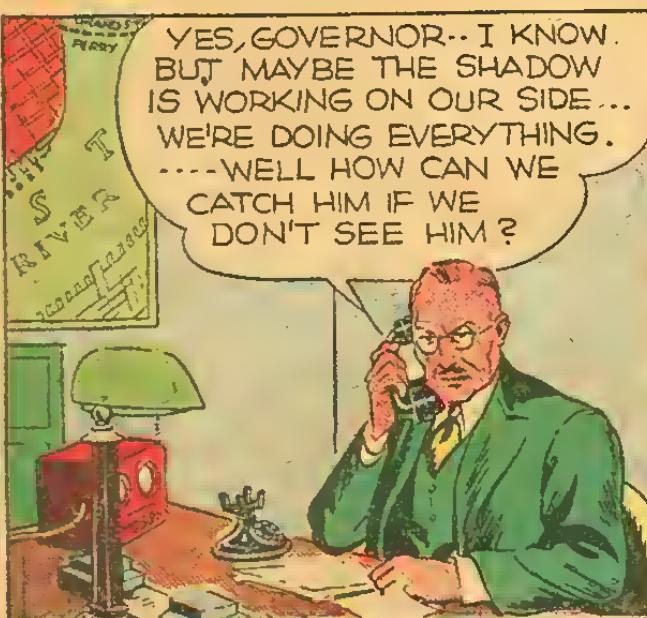
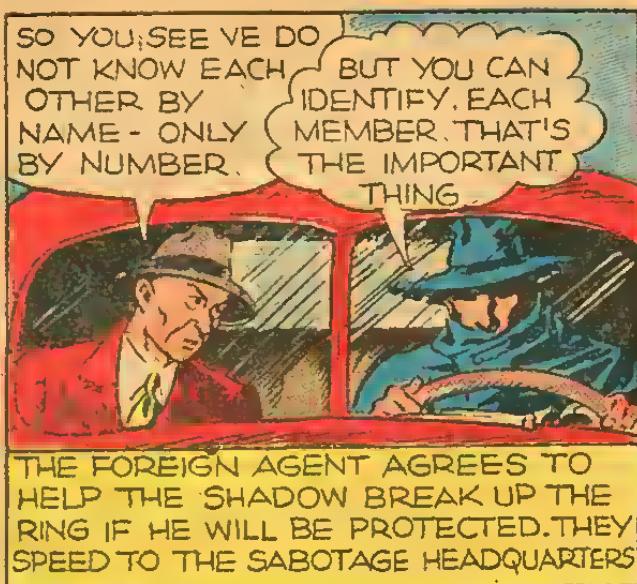
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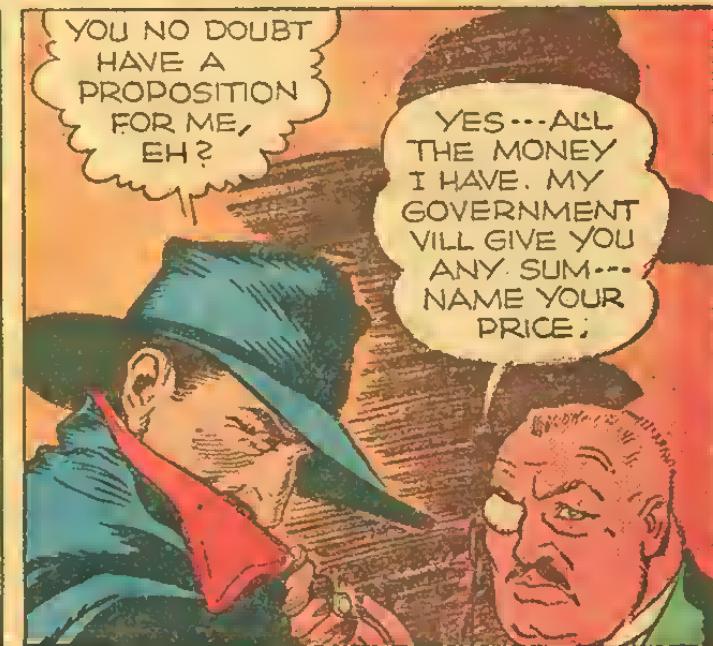
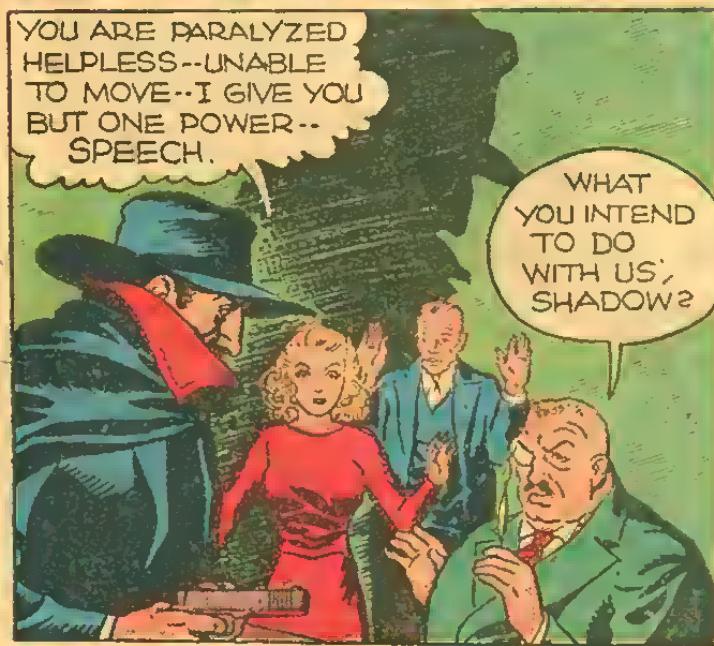


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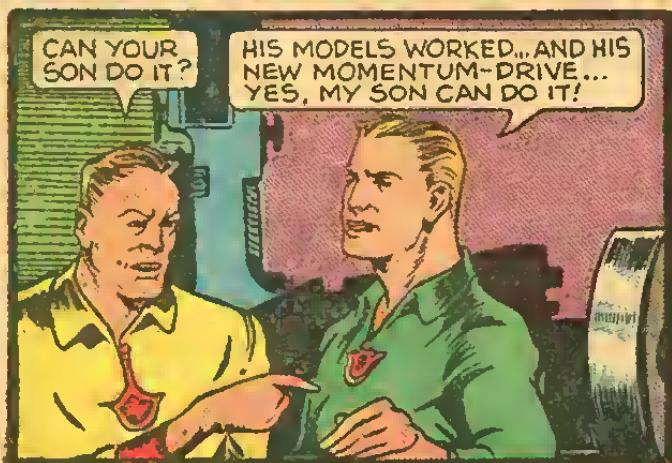
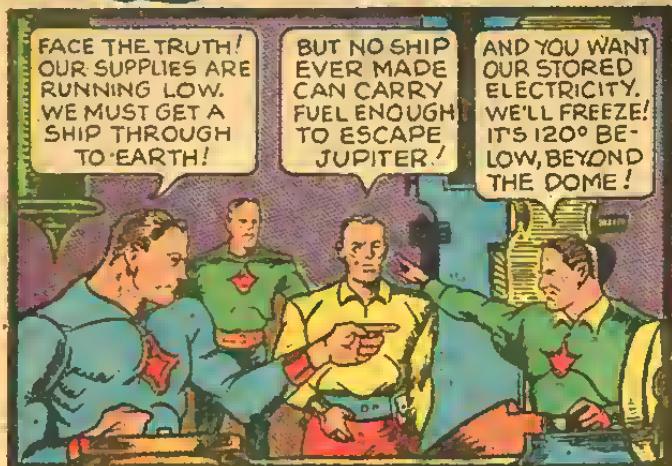




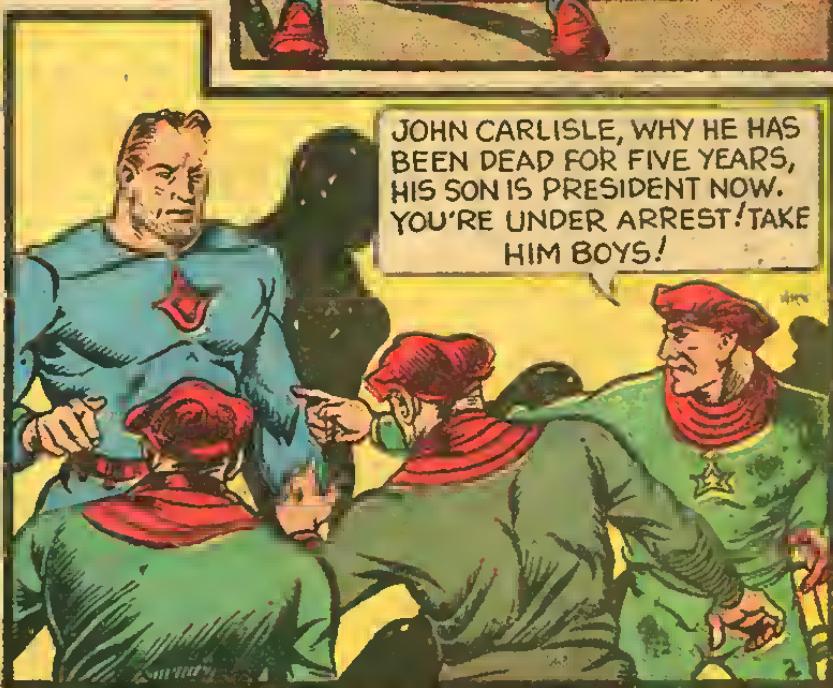
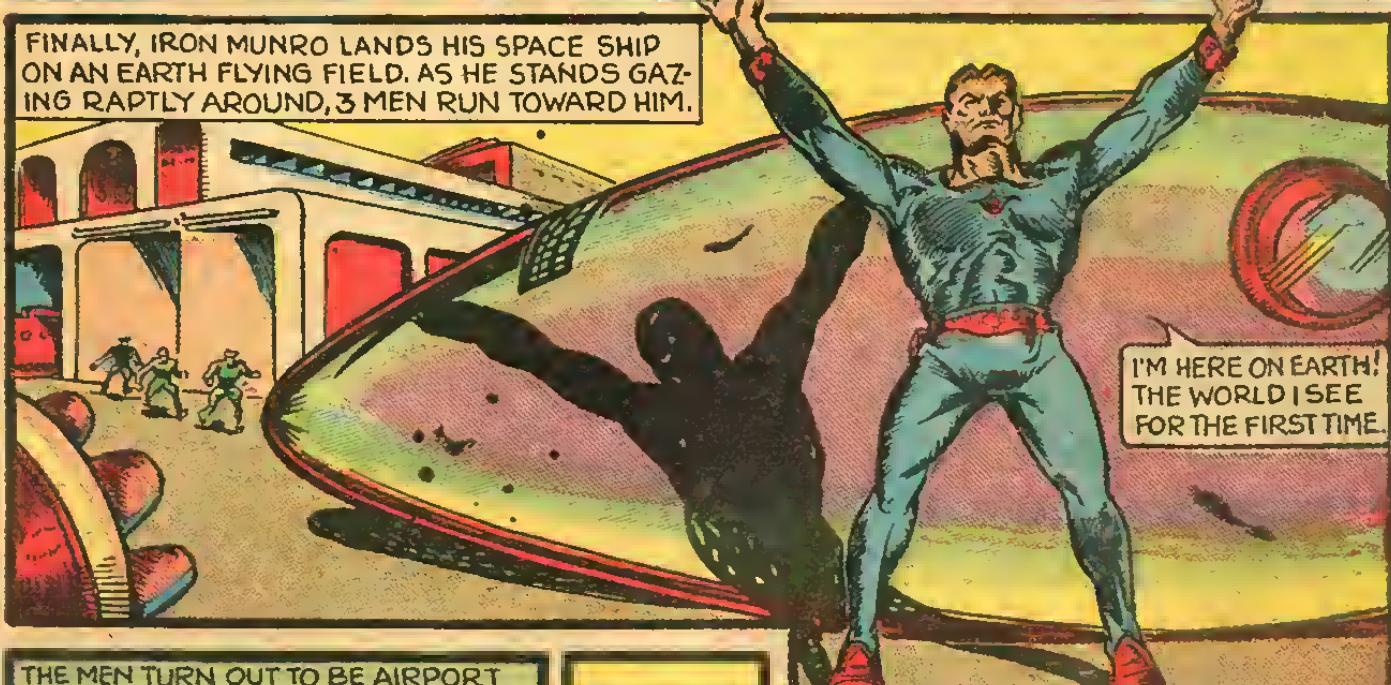
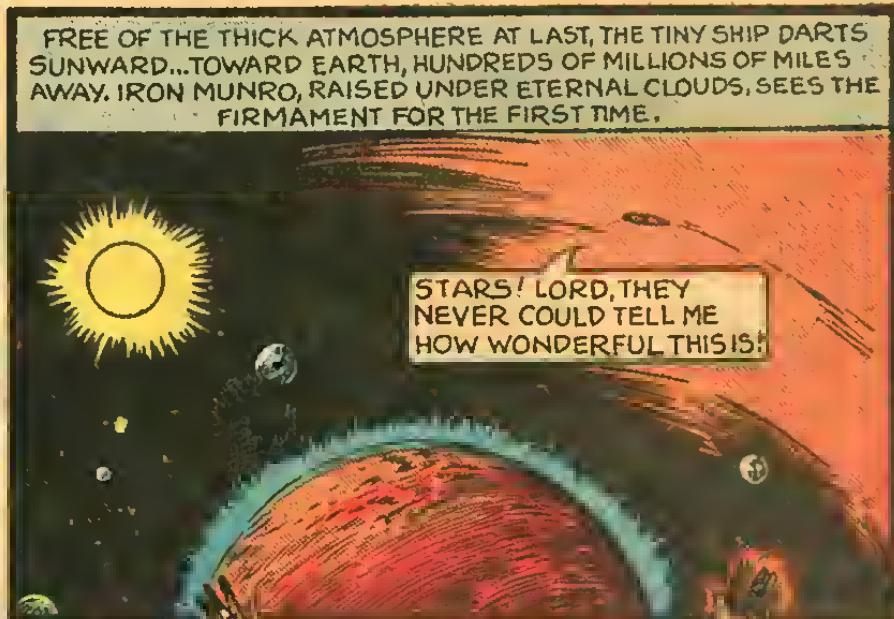
IRON MUNRO THE ASTOUNDING MAN



In 2093 A. D., an expedition, sent out in a space ship to colonize Gonymede, one of the moons of Jupiter, passed too close to the giant Jupiter and was trapped! No space ship then known to man could bottle away from Jupiter's gravity. Perforce, they settled on the inhospitable world, laboring to maintain life under two and a half times the weight they had known on earth. A child . . . later to be known as "Iron" Munro . . . was born and grew there, accustomed from infancy to the terrible drag of Jupiter's gravity. For more than a quarter of a century the colony was marooned. Iron Munro never saw a star, nor the earth his parents had told him of. But he knew that some day he would see that mother world. . . .



THE ASTOUNDING MAN



BECAUSE IRON MUNRO HAS SUPER-MUSCLES FROM JUPITER'S GREAT GRAVITY, HE EASILY DISARMS AND KNOCKS THE THREE GUARDS COLD, MOVING THREE TIMES AS FAST AS A NORMAL EARTHMAN.



THAT WAS EASY. THEY MOVE SLOW ON EARTH. WELL, NOW TO FIND SPENCER CARLISLE!

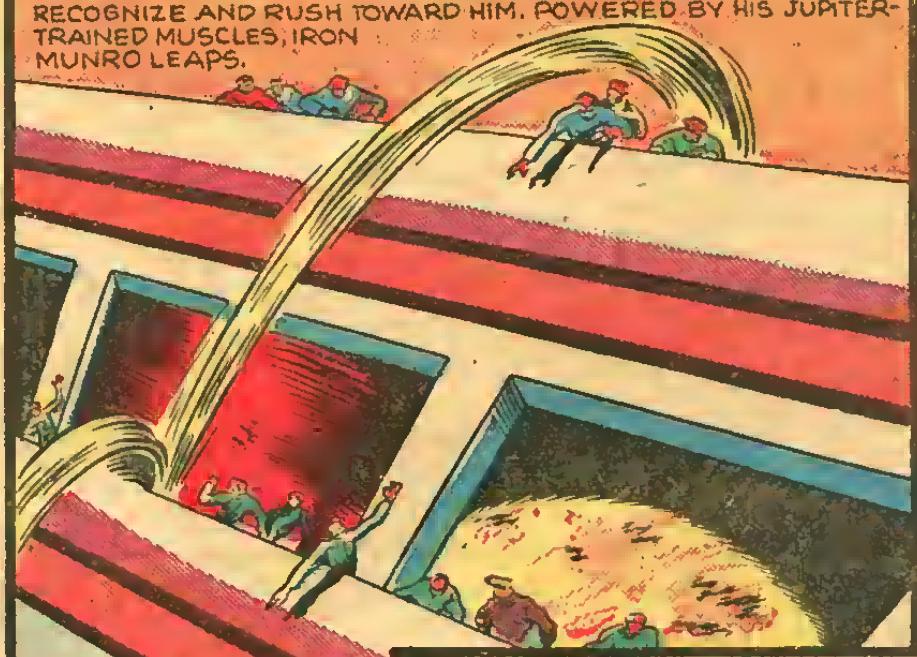


THIS IS MORE OF A WONDER CITY THAN FATHER EVER DESCRIBED! BUT I'LL NEED MONEY HERE...

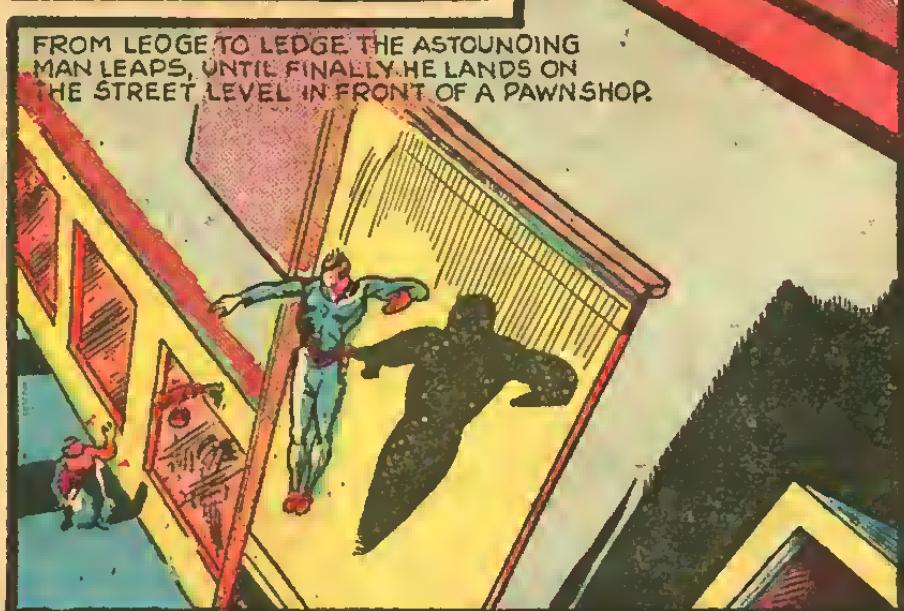


MUNRO REACHES THE CITY, HE IS AMAZED AT ITS STRUCTURAL BEAUTY.

SUDDENLY, A LOUDSPEAKER BLURTS A WARNING TO THE POLICE. IRON MUNRO HEARS HIS OWN DESCRIPTION. SEVERAL GUARDS RECOGNIZE AND RUSH TOWARD HIM. POWERED BY HIS JUPITER-TRAINED MUSCLES, IRON MUNRO LEAPS.



FROM LEDGE TO LEDGE THE ASTOUNDING MAN LEAPS, UNTIL FINALLY HE LANDS ON THE STREET LEVEL IN FRONT OF A PAWNSHOP.



ELUDING HIS PURSUITERS BY DASHING INTO THE PAWNSHOP, HE PAWNS HIS WATCH FOR GOLD.



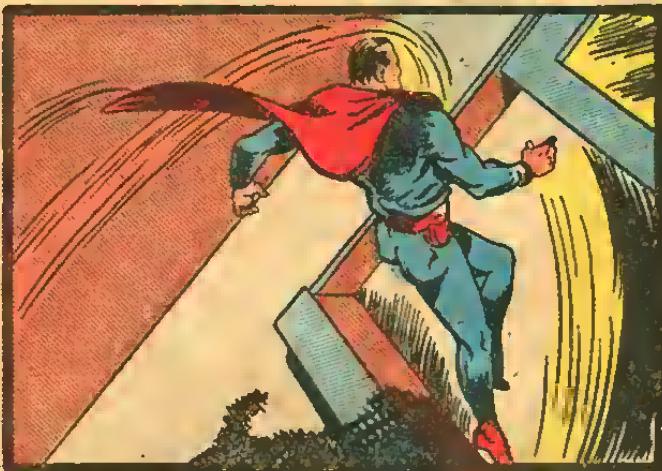
HAVING OBTAINED ENOUGH MONEY FOR A BATH, SHAVE AND A NEW CLOAK, THE ASTOUNDING MAN HEADS FOR THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.



AT THE OFFICES OF AMERICAN ROCKET, IRON MUNRO MEETS WITH ANOTHER SETBACK.



WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, IRON MUNRO WALKED OUT TO THE WORK YARD AND THEN, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE WORKERS, IRON MADE A TREMENDOUS LEAP TO A LEAGE HIGH UPON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. ANOTHER LEAP SENT HIM TO THE SILL OF THE PRESIDENT'S WINDOW.



I'M IRON MUNRO, OF JUPITER. THE POLICE AND YOUR SECRETARIES MADE IT TOUGH FOR ME TO SEE YOU. I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU!



MY FATHER, AARN MUNRO, KNEW YOUR FATHER, JOHN CARLISLE...



THE GANYMEOE COLONISTS....! I REMEMBER..THEY LANDED ON JUPITER INSTEAD..AS JOHN CARLISLE'S SON, I WELCOME YOU.

MUNRO TELLS HIS STORY. CARLISLE AGREES TO HELP.

YOUR STORY INTERESTS ME. WE'LL BUILO THE KIND OF SHIP YOU WANT, AND I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU!

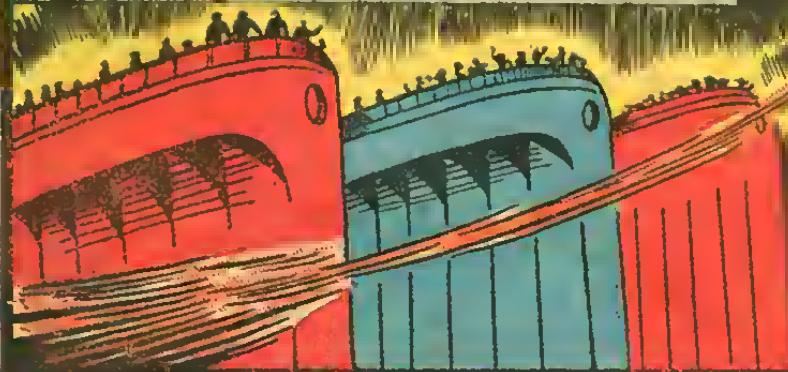
GOOD! THEN MY TRIP TO EARTH WAS NOT IN VAIN!



AFTER MONTHS OF ARDUOUS LABOR, THE GIANT SPACE SHIP IS COMPLETED ACCORDING TO IRON MUNRO'S SPECIFICATIONS.



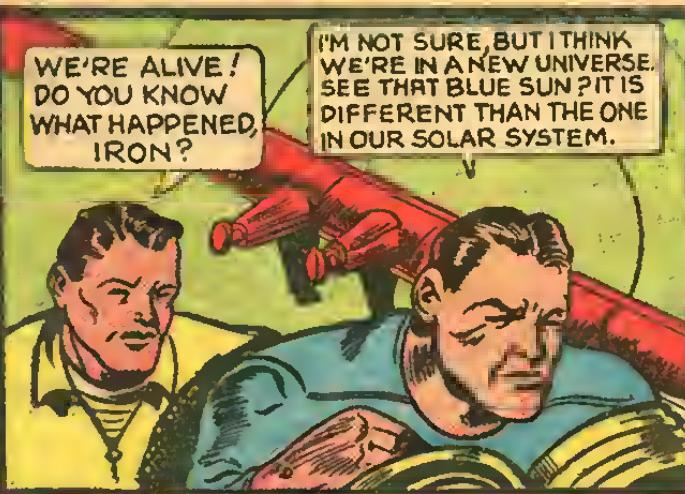
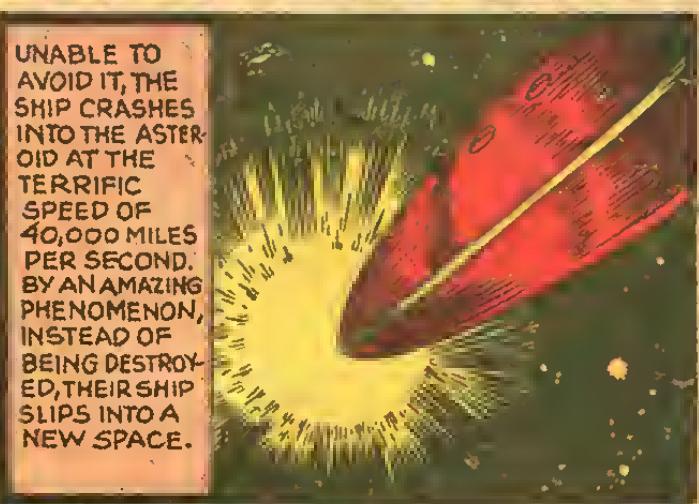
THOUSANDS OF EARTHMEN TURN OUT TO WATCH THE ASTOUNDING MAN AND CARLISLE ZOOM OUT INTO SPACE IN THE GIANT SHIP.



AFTER REACHING OUTER SPACE, A HUGE ASTEROID SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE THEM.



UNABLE TO AVOID IT, THE SHIP CRASHES INTO THE ASTEROID AT THE TERRIFIC SPEED OF 40,000 MILES PER SECOND. BY AN AMAZING PHENOMENON, INSTEAD OF BEING DESTROYED, THEIR SHIP SLIPS INTO A NEW SPACE.

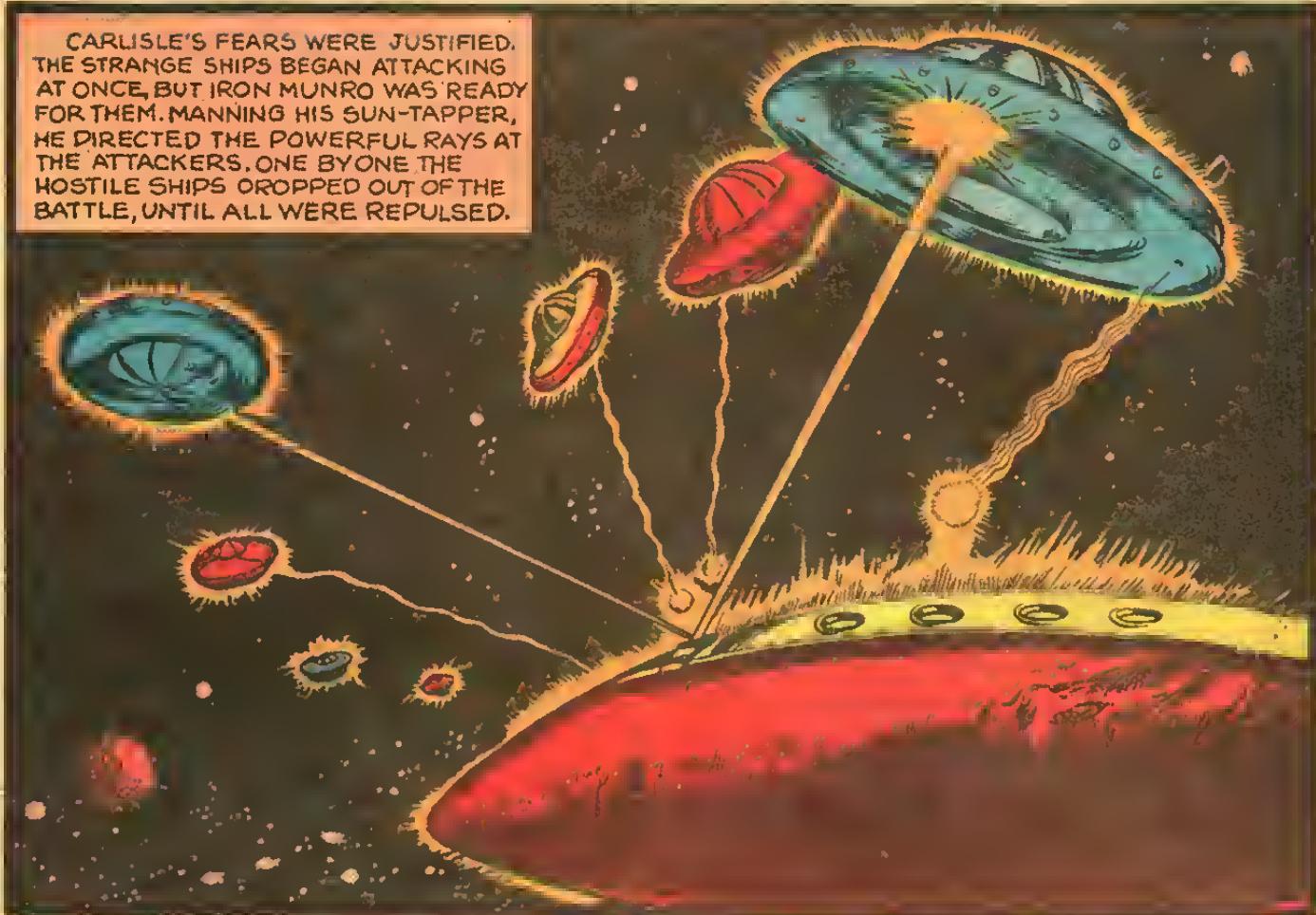


I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK WE'RE IN A NEW UNIVERSE. SEE THAT BLUE SUN? IT IS DIFFERENT THAN THE ONE IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.



SAY, IRON! LOOK... STRANGE SHIPS... AND NONE TOO FRIENDLY LOOKING!

CARLISLE'S FEARS WERE JUSTIFIED. THE STRANGE SHIPS BEGAN ATTACKING AT ONCE, BUT IRON MUNRO WAS READY FOR THEM. MANNING HIS SUN-TAPPER, HE DIRECTED THE POWERFUL RAYS AT THE ATTACKERS. ONE BY ONE THE HOSTILE SHIPS DROPPED OUT OF THE BATTLE, UNTIL ALL WERE REPULSED.

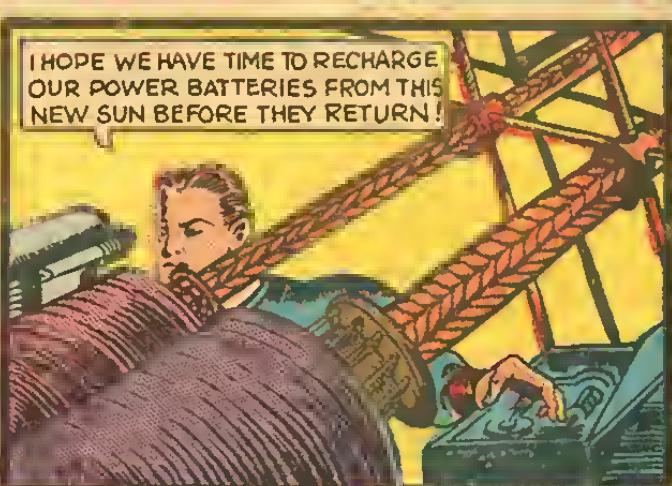


THERE GO THE LAST OF THEM!

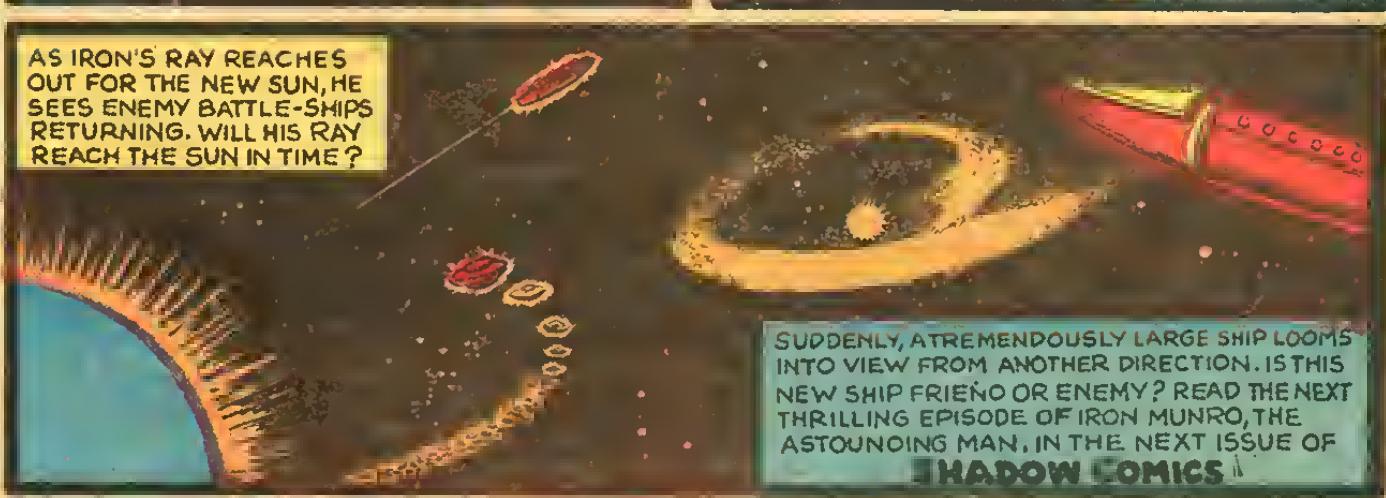
YES...AND OUR SUN-TAPPER BATTERIES ARE DEAD!



I HOPE WE HAVE TIME TO RECHARGE OUR POWER BATTERIES FROM THIS NEW SUN BEFORE THEY RETURN!



AS IRON'S RAY REACHES OUT FOR THE NEW SUN, HE SEES ENEMY BATTLE-SHIPS RETURNING. WILL HIS RAY REACH THE SUN IN TIME?



SUDDENLY, ATREMENDOUSLY LARGE SHIP LOOMS INTO VIEW FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION. IS THIS NEW SHIP FRIEND OR ENEMY? READ THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE OF IRON MUNRO, THE ASTOUNDING MAN, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

SHADOW COMICS

TWIRLING DIGITS

A
STARTLING
STUNT YOU CAN TRY.

DAN DUGAN and Tim Haley were doing all right for themselves. Their latest method of piling up shekels was to buy run-down gasoline stations for a song, build them up with high-pressure advertising schemes, and then resell at fancy profits.

Their latest gasoline mansion—for that's what it was after they got through rebuilding it—was doing a snappy business. But Dan and Tim were not men to stay put in any one place for too long a time. They already had a customer for it. At this moment they were waiting in the office for the buyer.

Dan glanced out toward the roadway and saw a car approaching. "Here he comes, Tim," he told his partner. "I hope he's got the cash with him."

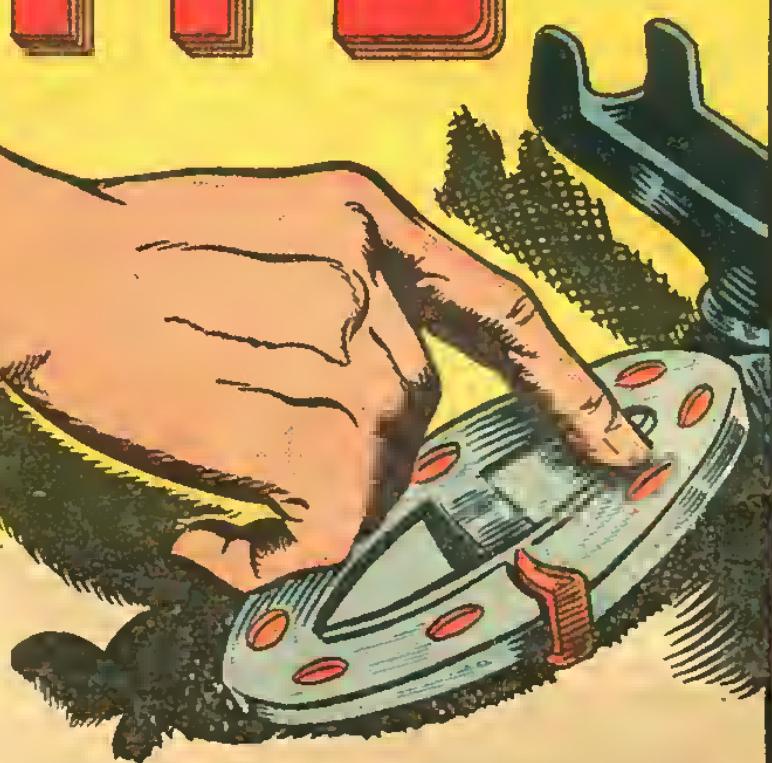
Manley, the buyer, did have the cash with him—five thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills. A few minutes later he turned over the cash to the partners and received his bill of sale.

After wishing the new owner lots of luck, Dan and Tim hopped into their car and sped off toward the hotel.

"Sure you haven't got a hole in the pocket where you've got that wad of greenbacks?" Tim joked.

"It's O. K. where it is," Dan assured him, patting the bulge in his coat pocket. "It's too bad the bank is closed, though. I don't like to carry around this much cabbage."

They arrived at the hotel, went up in the elevator, then walked down the hallway to their room.



When Tim opened the door and stepped into the room, a surprising thing happened! A foot shot out from behind the door and Tim tripped over it. He landed sprawling on his stomach. As he fell, the owner of the foot dived at him, landing on Tim's back and knocking the breath out of him. The intruder's right hand made a sweeping motion. The butt of an automatic thudded against Tim's head. Tim went limp!

All this happened in a split fraction of a second. Dan Dugan was already lunging at the intruder when a second figure stepped from behind the door and swung a blackjack. The leaden instrument did not land solidly. It glanced off of Dan's shoulder. Turning almost in midair, Dan swung a terrific right at the chin of his assailant. *Boff!* Knuckles crashed against jawbone and down went the attacker!

Dan turned to the other attacker, but was stopped by a terse command. "Cut it!" the stranger ordered, pointing his automatic straight at Dan's heart. "Now sit down in that chair like a nice little boy, Dugan, or I'll blast ya wide open!"

Having no alternative in the face of the murderous weapon, Dan slumped in the chair. Tim

regained consciousness and was also ordered to sit down. Both intruders stood covering them with their guns.

"C'mon, Dugan—where's the dough?"

"What dough? I don't know what you're talking about!" Dan told his questioner.

"Don't give us that stuff! Slug and me know all about you two guys. We've been keepin' an eye on ya. We know that ya sold your gas station fer five thousand smackers. Now git it up!"

"Yeah," added Slug, "and we ain't playin'!"

"You're not such smart guys," Dan taunted.

"What's that?" boomed Tony, the first speaker.

"If you were smart you would have known that we didn't get the money yet," Dan said calmly, hoping to outwit the two toughies. "The buyer is supposed to meet us here with the money at five o'clock."

Tim didn't know just what Dan was driving at, but he spoke to back up his pal and partner. "Sure, that's why we came up to the room."

Slug looked at his wrist watch, his face sullen. "It's ten after five now," he said angrily. "Where is the guy with the dough?"

"Yeah, how about it?" Tony sneered. "If you guys are puttin' somethin' over on us, we'll—"

"Don't be foolish!" Dan interrupted. "We know when we're licked. If we had the money here we'd give it to you. We're not looking to be bumped off!"

"Well, we'll wait five more minutes," Tony said out of the side of his mouth. "And if he don't show up, it'll be too bad for the both of ya!"

Still watching Dan and Tim closely, the two thugs lit cigarettes. Dan had a definite plan in mind, but could not communicate it to Tim. The latter looked questioningly at Dan, wondering what was going through his partner's mind. He had implicit faith in his partner, and was reassured by Dan's outwardly calm appearance.

Five minutes passed. Slug looked at his watch again. "It's five fifteen," he bellowed, "and no sign of the guy with the dough! I think you guys are tryin' to string us!"

"Yeah, how about it?" Tony questioned threateningly.

"He is late," Dan admitted. "I'll call him up and find out what's keeping him."

Slug moved closer, placed the muzzle of his ugly-automatic against the back of Dan's head and said: "O. K., Dugan! But if you try to call the cops—or any kind of funny business—this gun will go off sorta by accident."

Dan knew that the gangster meant every word he said. He reached for the telephone on the table and dialed a number. After listening for a second he slammed the receiver down and mumbled: "The line's busy."



"NOW SIT DOWN-OR I'LL BLAST YOU OPEN!"

Before the two thugs could say anything, the telephone rang. As Dan picked up the receiver again, Slug prodded him with the gun and said: "Remember, Dugan, no funny stuff!"

Dan spoke into the phone. "Hello. . . . Oh, a letter was left at the desk for me? All right, I'll be right down to pick it up."

"The fellow who bought the gas station just left an envelope for me at the desk," Dan told the two mobsters. "That must be the money."

"O. K.," Slug said. "But I'll go down with ya to see that ya don't try to scram with it. Tony, you stick with this other guy!"

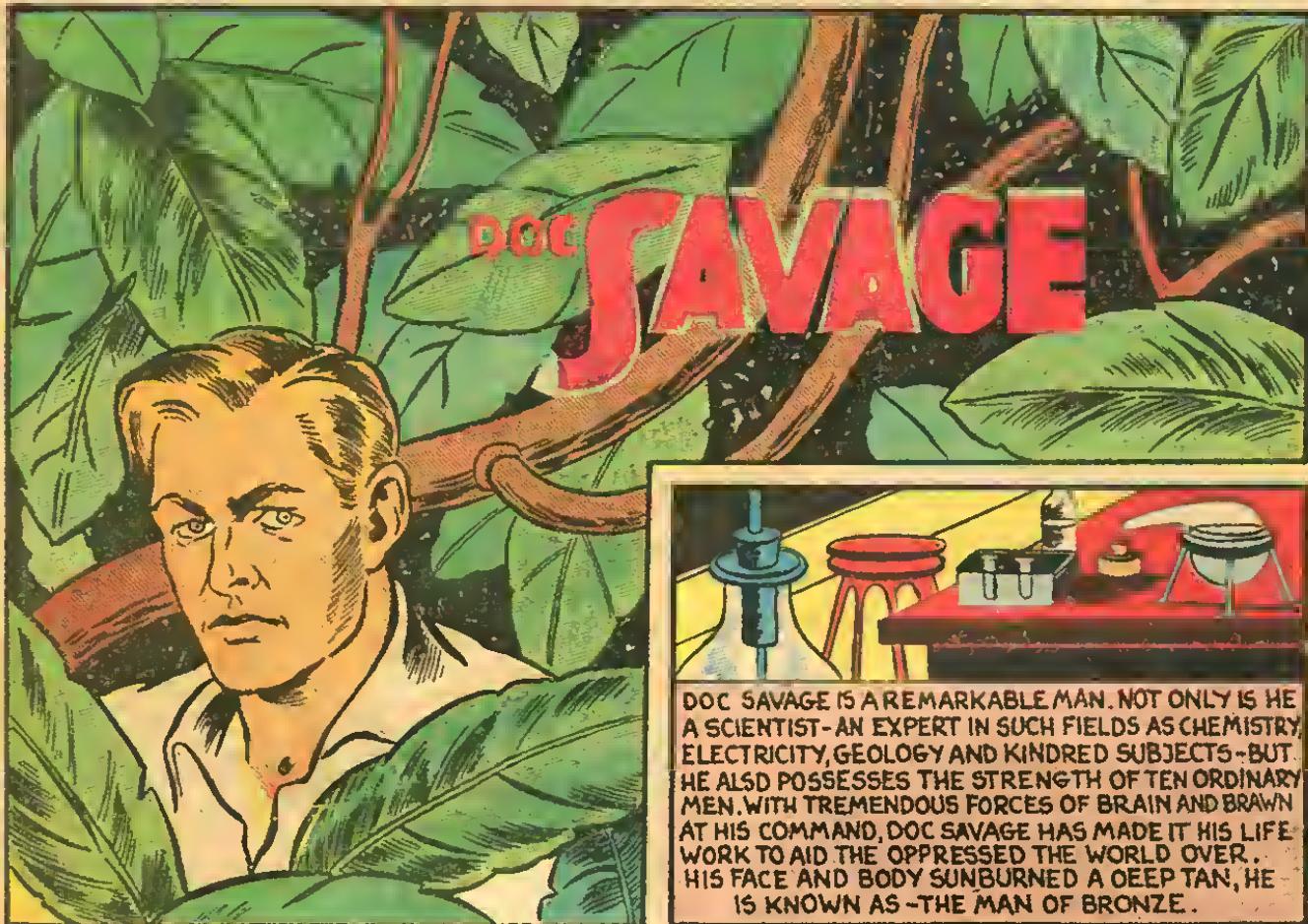
The two men left the room, went down in the elevator, and entered the lobby. Slug, his fingers draped around the gun in his coat pocket, lagged behind as Dan approached the desk clerk.

"I'll take that envelope in my box," Dan told the clerk.

"Yes, Mr. Dugan," the clerk answered. "Here it is."

Slug watched closely, but did not see Dan wink when he said to the clerk: "Very well, I'll write you out a receipt for it."

Dan scratched a few words on a piece of paper and handed it to the clerk. The clerk looked questioningly at Dan, and then at the paper, but said nothing.



DOC SAVAGE IS A REMARKABLE MAN. NOT ONLY IS HE A SCIENTIST - AN EXPERT IN SUCH FIELDS AS CHEMISTRY, ELECTRICITY, GEOLOGY AND KINDRED SUBJECTS - BUT HE ALSO POSSESSES THE STRENGTH OF TEN ORDINARY MEN. WITH TREMENDOUS FORCES OF BRAIN AND BRAWN AT HIS COMMAND, DOC SAVAGE HAS MADE IT HIS LIFE WORK TO AID THE OPPRESSED THE WORLD OVER. HIS FACE AND BODY SUNBURNED A DEEP TAN, HE IS KNOWN AS - THE MAN OF BRONZE.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF AFRICA WE FIND DOC SAVAGE AND HIS TRUSTED ASSISTANT, MONK. THE SAVAGES ARE BEING STIRRED UP TO REVOLT AGAINST THE EUROPEAN GOVERNMENT WHICH RULES THEM. VON GUYTER, AN AGENT FOR ANOTHER FOREIGN POWER WHICH WANTS CONTROL OF THE TERRITORY, IS SUPPLYING THE NATIVES WITH RIFLES. KNOWING THAT THE NATIVES WOULD BE SLAUGHTERED BY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS IF THEY REVOLTED, DOC SAVAGE GOES INTO THE JUNGLE TO FIND VON GUYTER AND TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE SAVAGES. AT THIS MOMENT, THE NATIVES ARE PERFORMING A WAR DANCE.





DOC SAVAGE DIGS DOWN INTO HIS BAG OF TRICKS IN ORDER TO BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE NATIVES.



THE TWO MEN CREEP STEALTHILY TOWARD THE STACKED RIFLES.



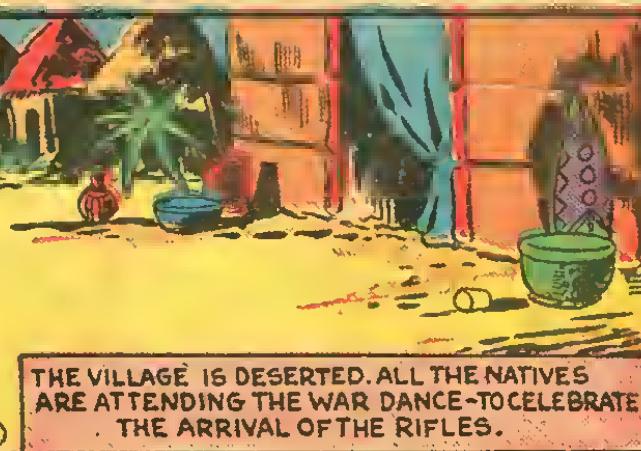
THE LIQUID EXPLOSIVE IS ONE OF DOC SAVAGE'S SECRET FORMULAS.

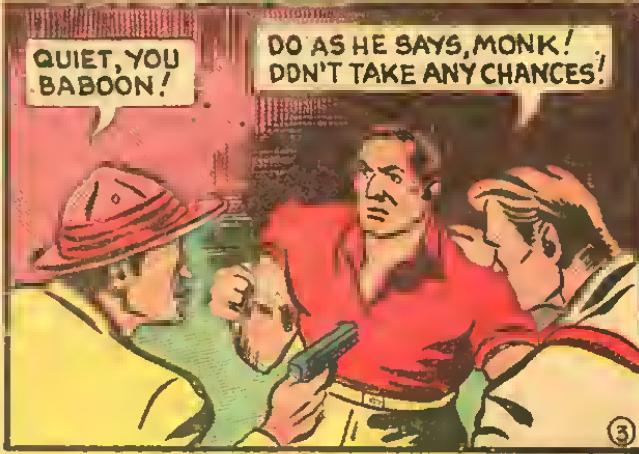
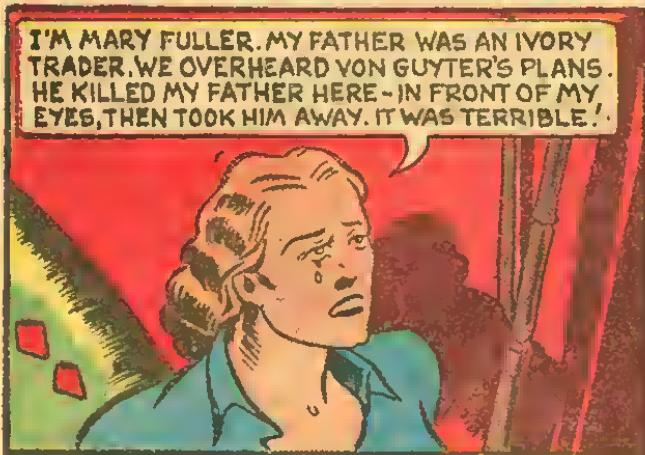
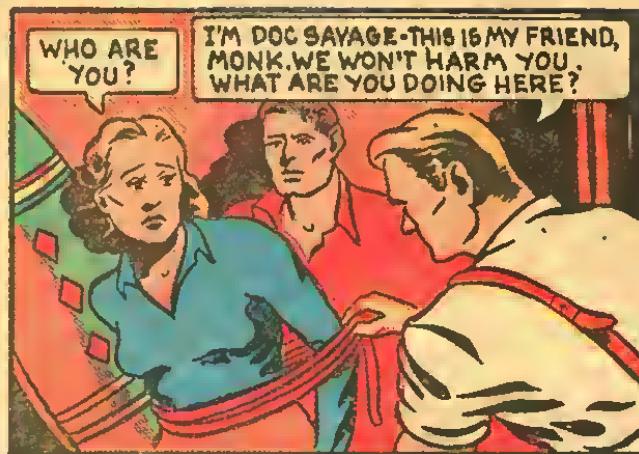


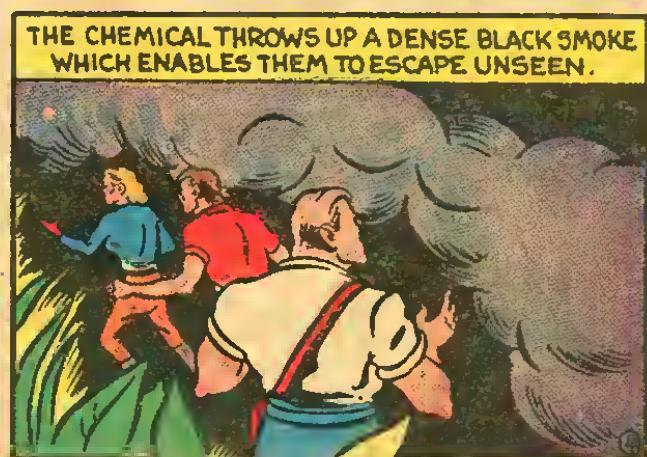
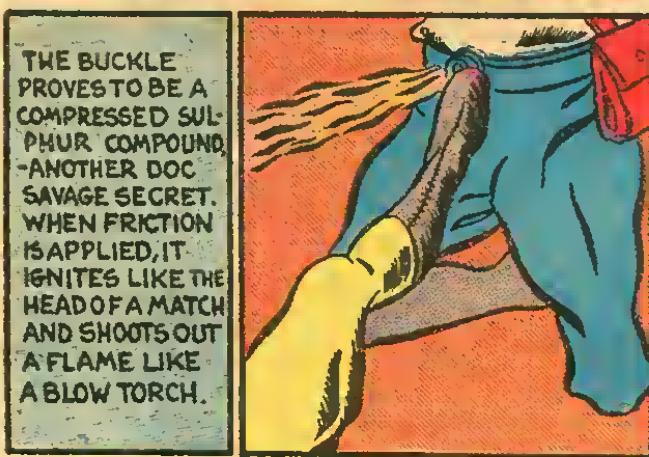
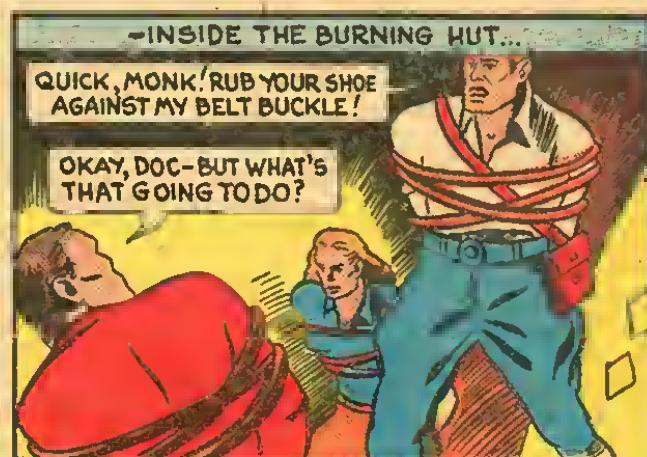
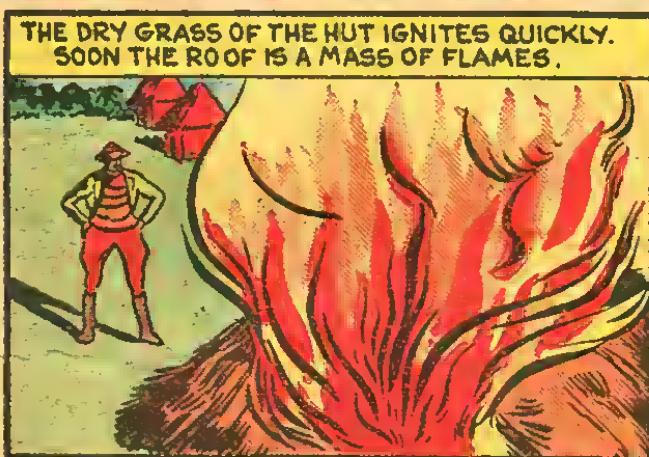
SUDDENLY THEY HEAR A LOW MOAN, LIKE THAT OF A DYING MAN.

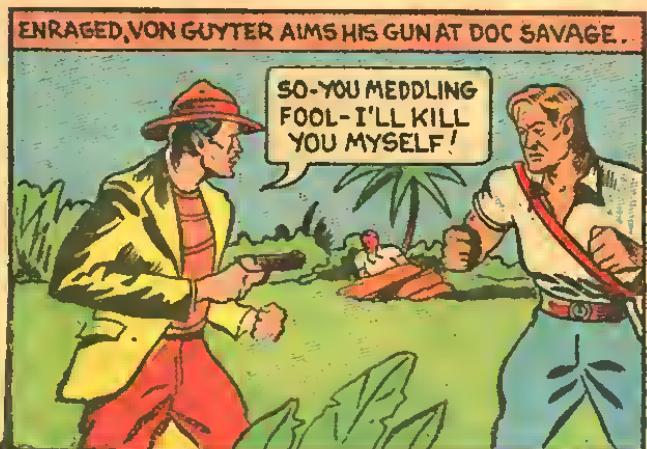
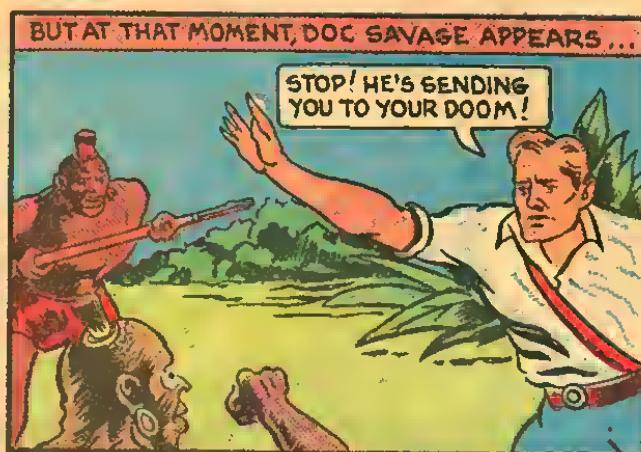


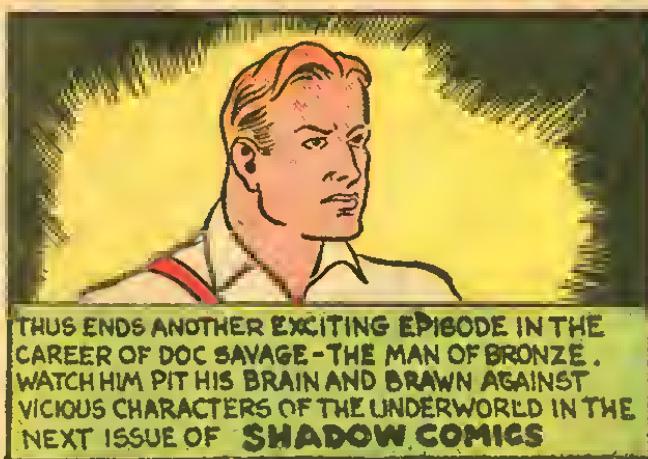
INVESTIGATING, THEY DISCOVER A WHITE MAN, STABBED TO DEATH.





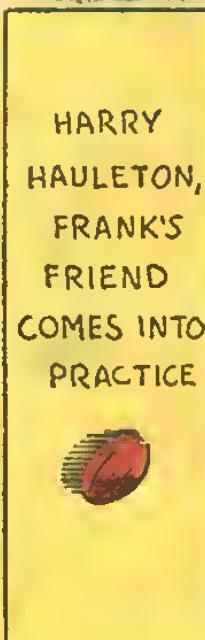
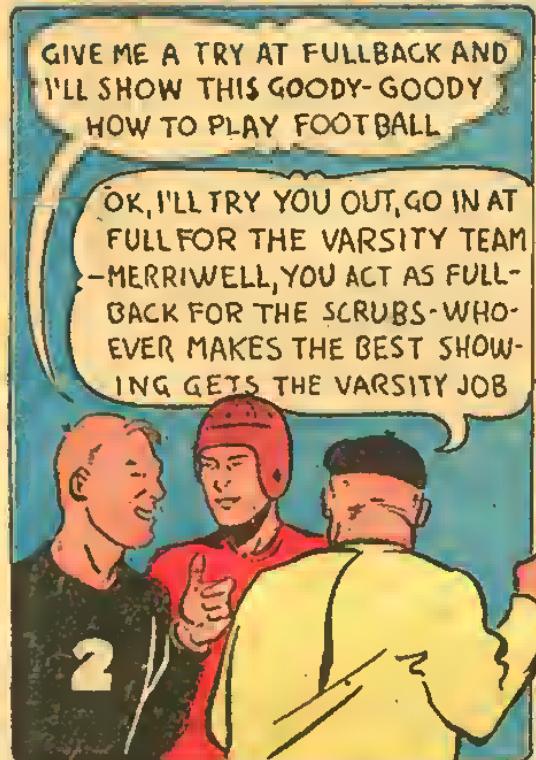


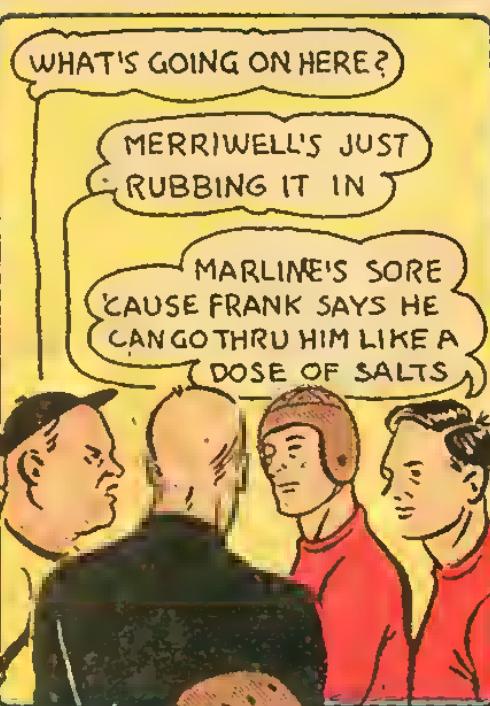
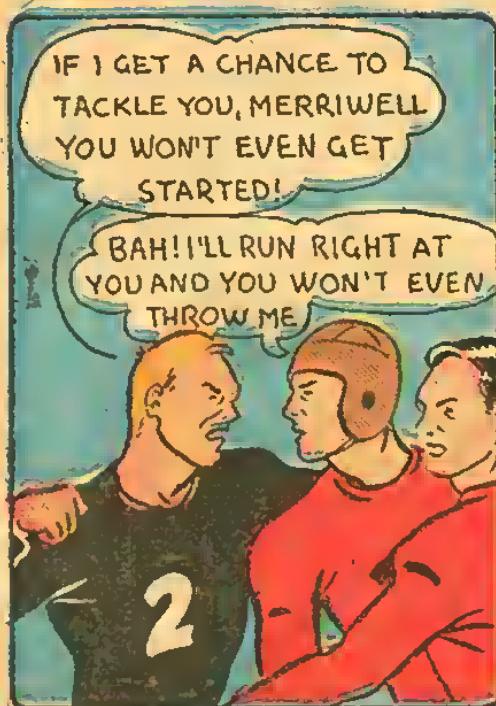




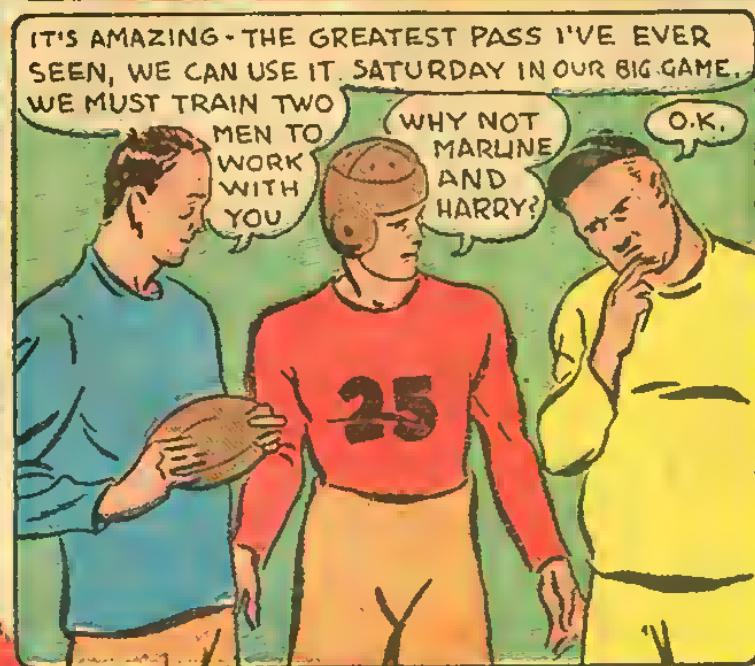
Frank MERRIWELL at COLLEGE



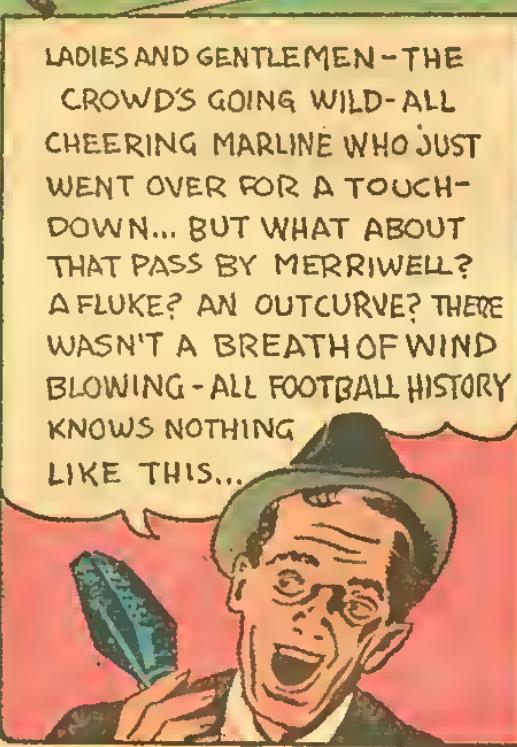
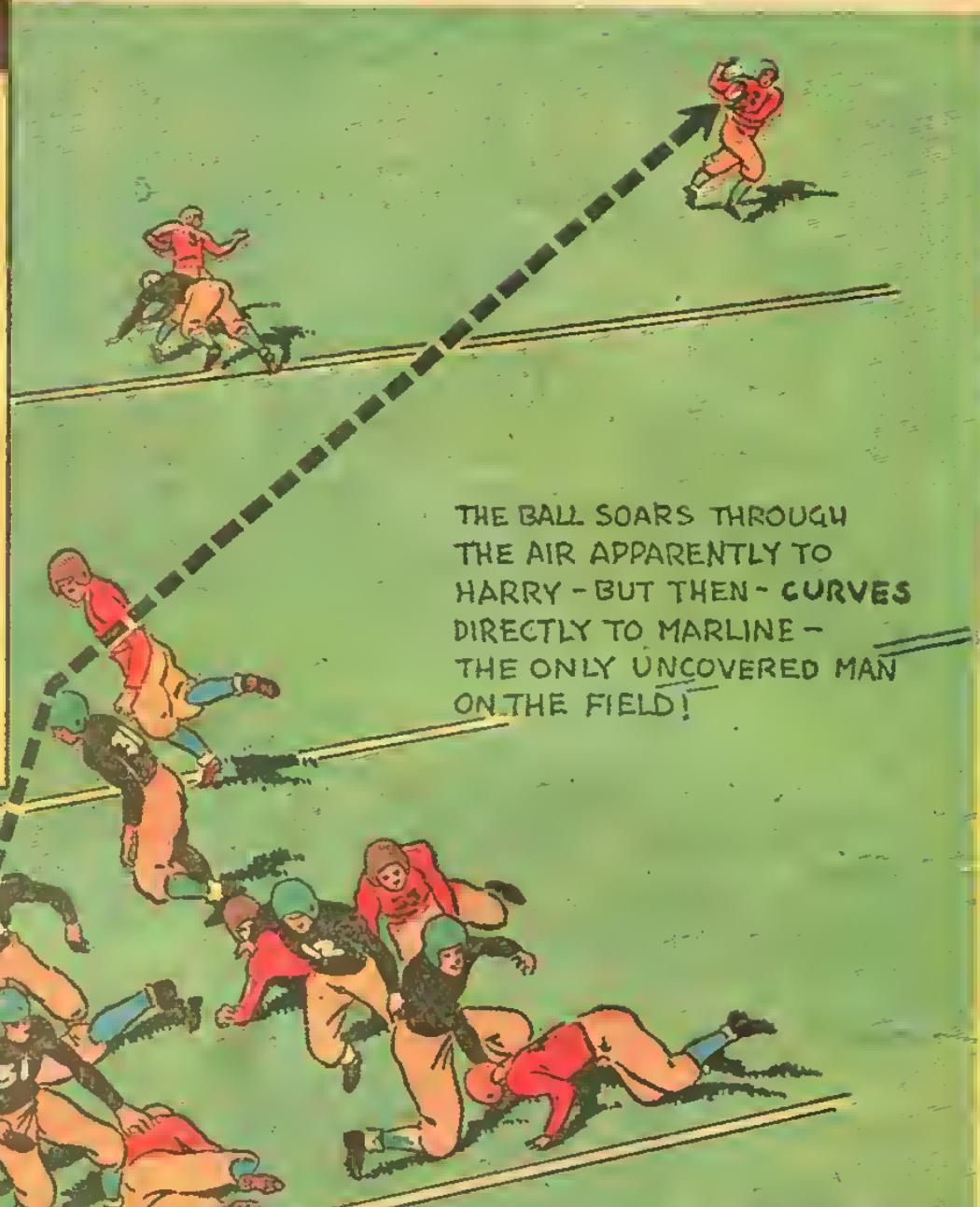
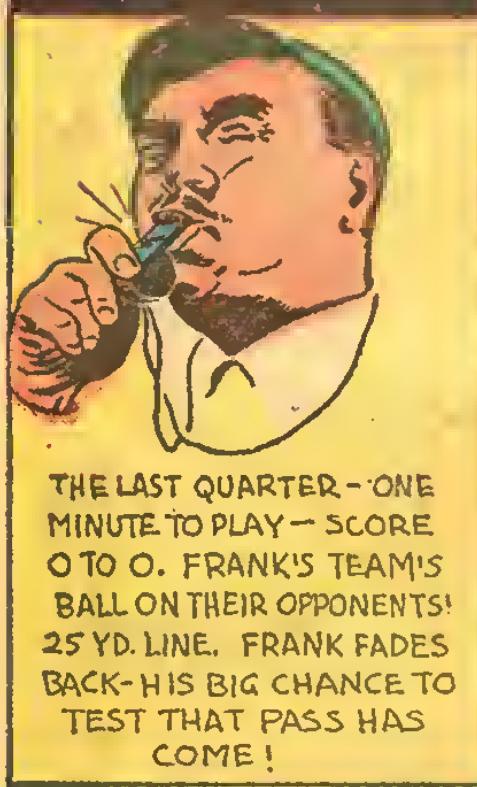




FRANK SLIPS THRU MARLINE'S FINGERS LIKE A GREASED EEL!

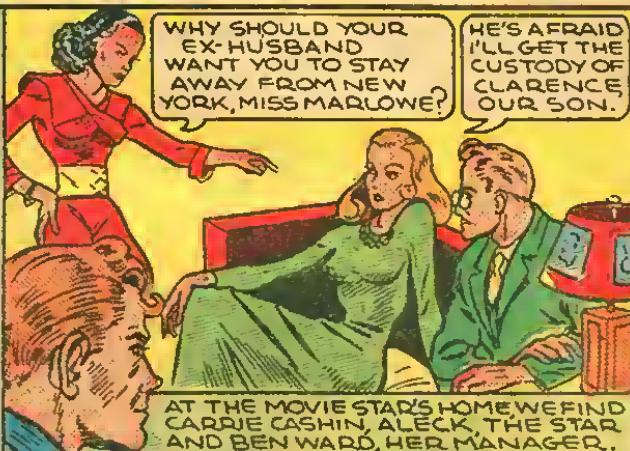


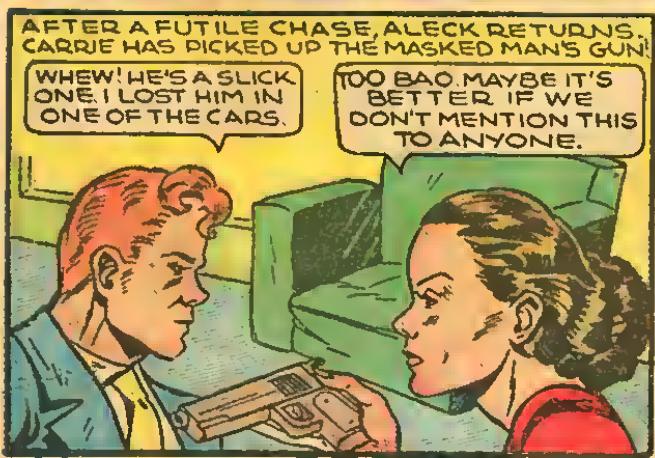
DAY OF THE BIG GAME!

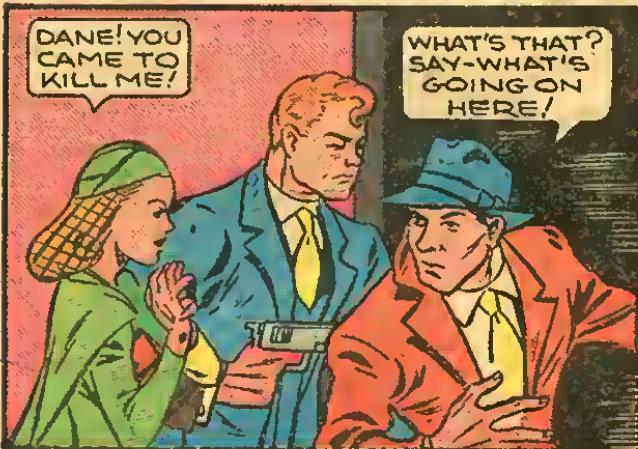
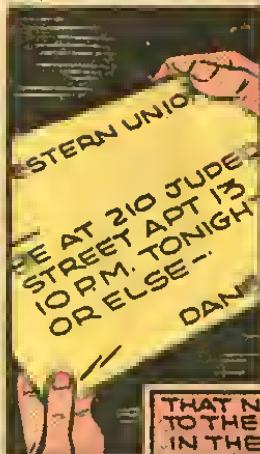




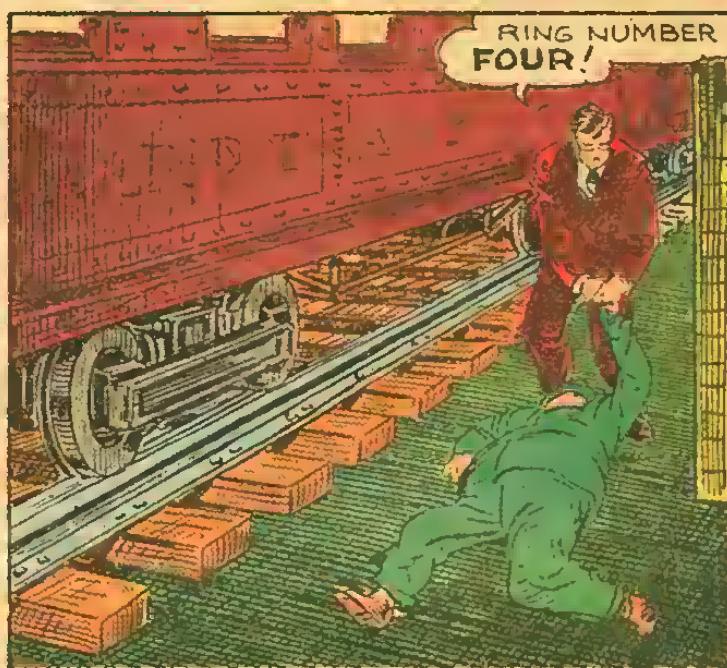
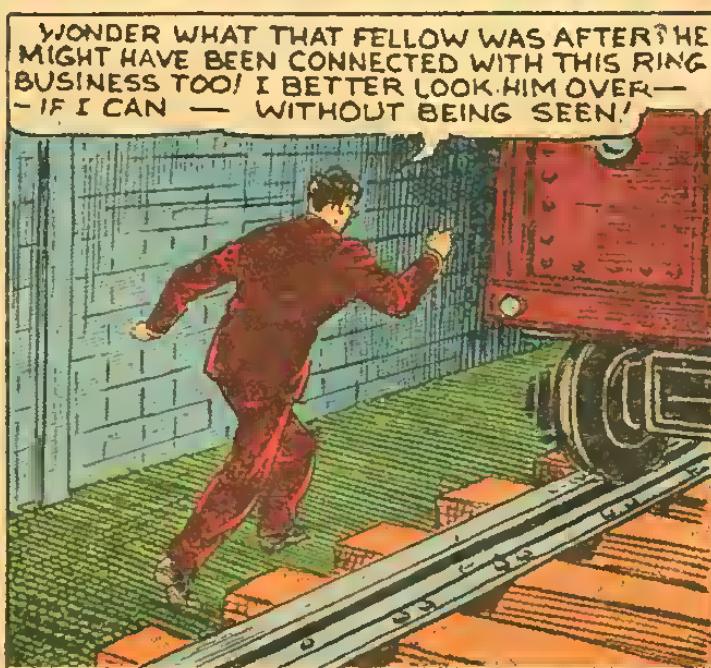
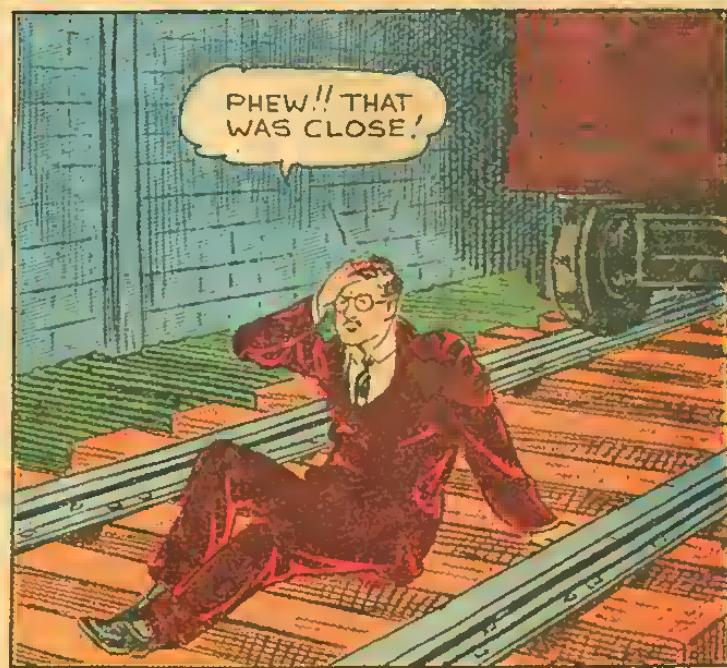
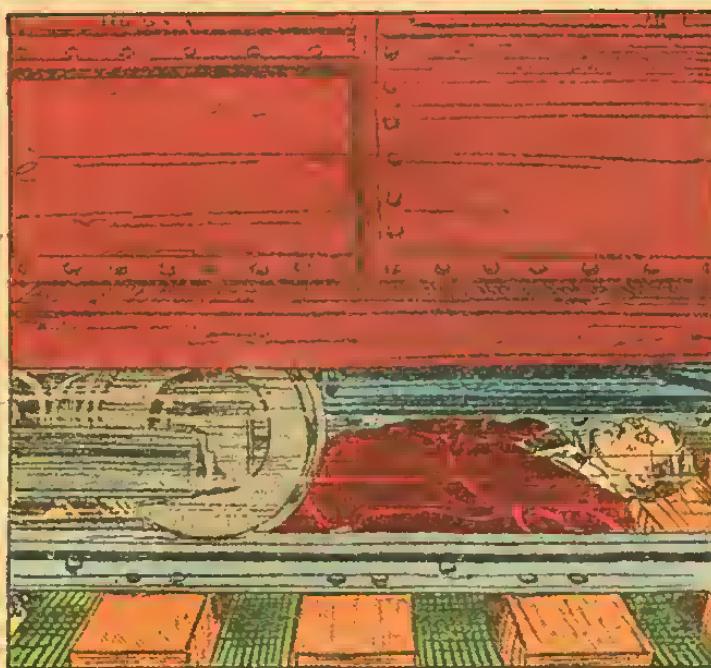
MONICA MARLOWE, FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STAR, RECEIVES A THREATENING TELEGRAM FROM DANE, HER EX-HUSBAND, WARNING HER NOT TO COME TO NEW YORK. CARRIE CASHIN, FAMOUS FEMALE DETECTIVE, IS CALLED IN ON THE CASE WITH HER PARTNER, ALECK...

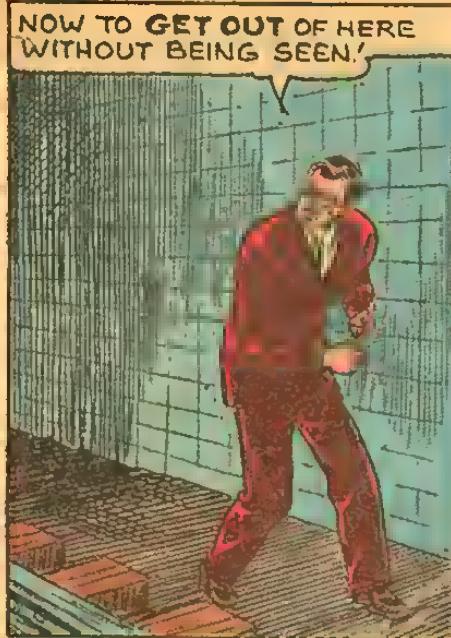


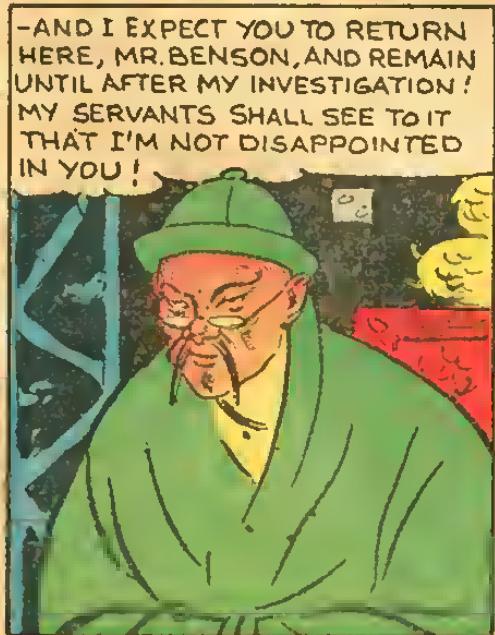
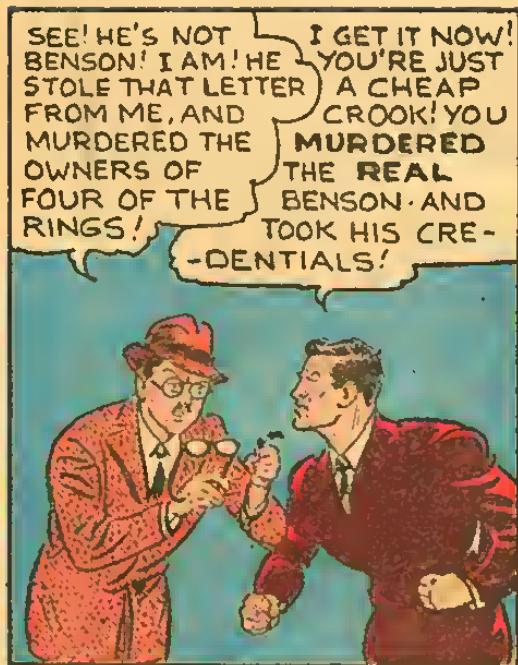


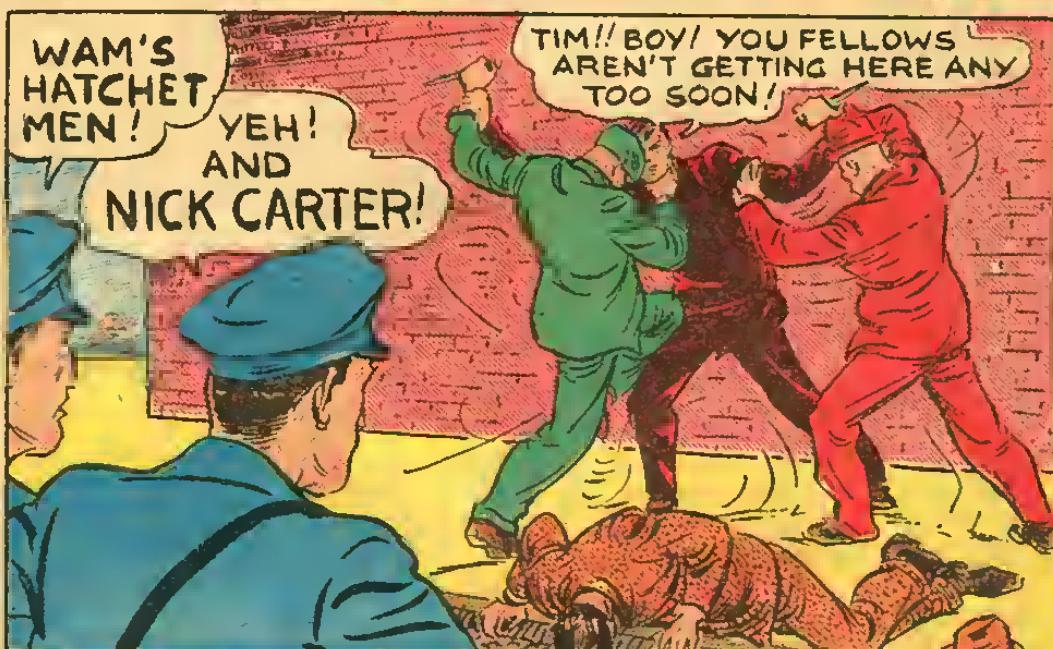










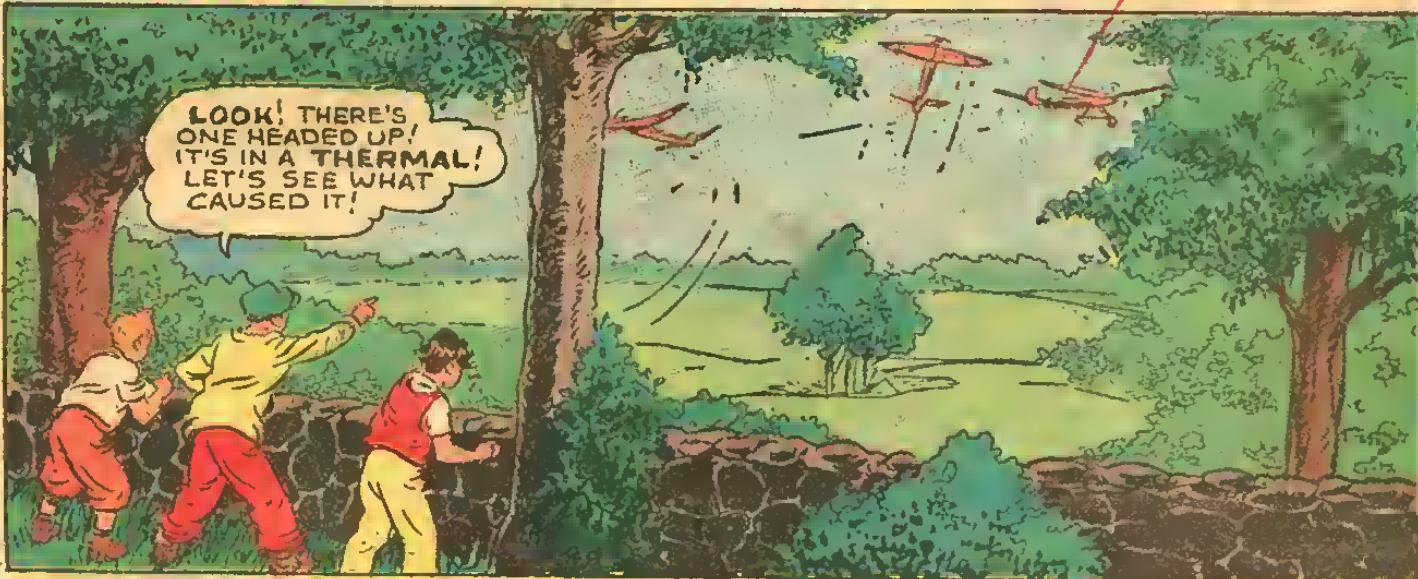


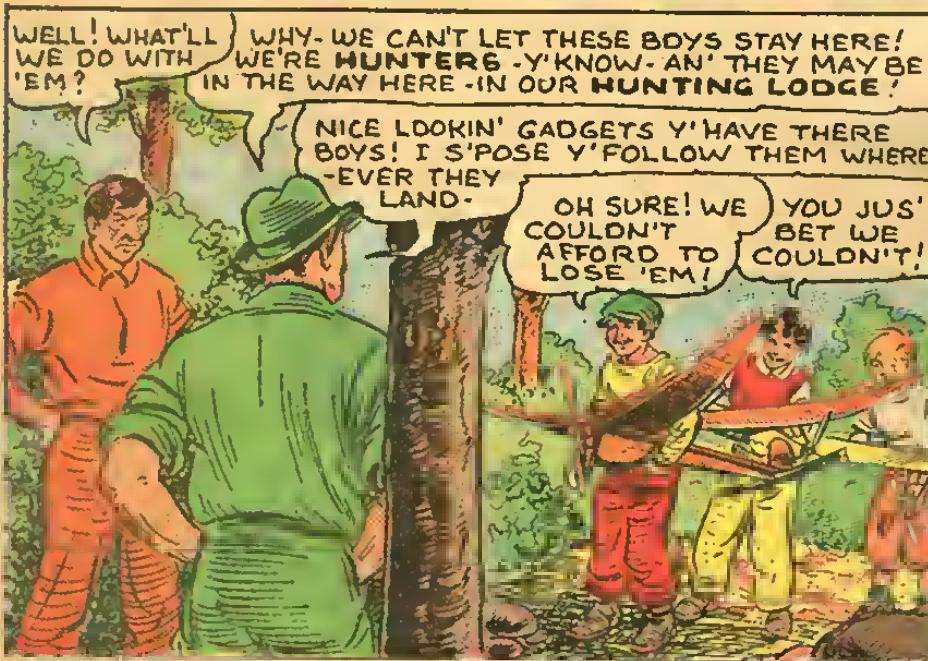
Adventures of the Air Trails Boys

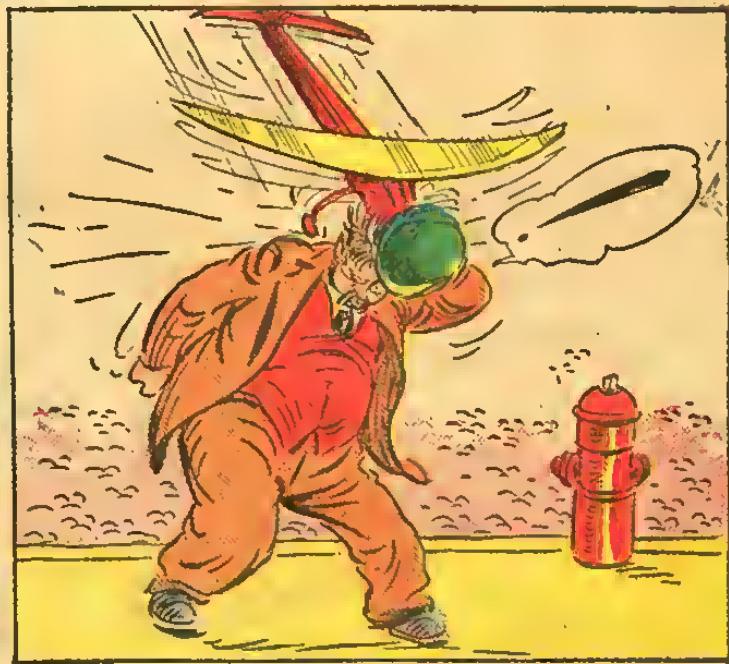
LISTEN, FELLOWS! I'VE GREAT NEWS FOR YOU! A 'G MAN WAS IN MY HOUSE LAST NIGHT AND ASKED IF WE COULD HELP LOCATE A LARGE UNDERGROUND STILL SOMEWHERE IN THIS SECTION! I TOLD HIM YES!

THAT'D BE SWELL - YEH!
IF WE CAN FIND IT!
BUT HOW!?

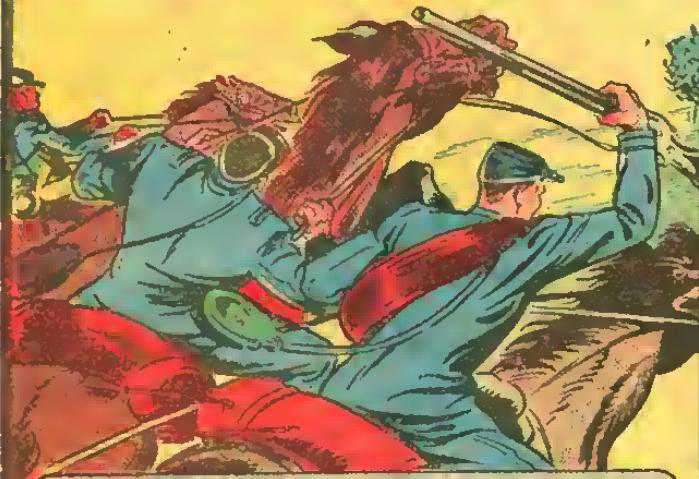
THE 'G MAN TOLD ME THESE UNDERGROUND STILL'S USE OIL - OR POSSIBLY CHARCOAL SO AS NOT TO DISCLOSE THE LOCATION BY SMOKE! OIL OR CHARCOAL WOULD CAUSE A DEFINITE THERMAL! I PLAN TO FLY OUR PLANES OVER THE TERRITORY AND WHEN WE SEE ONE RISE SUDDENLY - WE'LL INVESTIGATE!







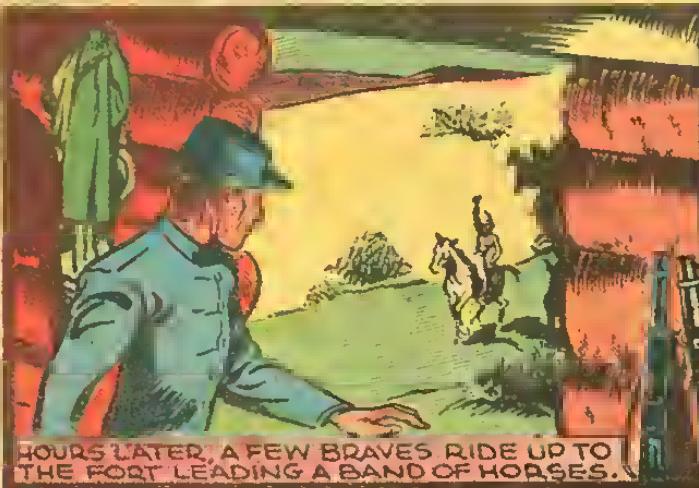
DIAMOND DICK



SERGEANT DREW AND TWO SOLDIERS WERE TAKING SOME ARMY HORSES FROM FORT ADVANCE TO AN OUTPOST TWENTY MILES AWAY. ON THE WAY, THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A BAND OF INDIANS LED BY A WHITE MAN. OUTNUMBERED, THE MEN FLED AND THE INDIANS MADE OFF WITH THE HORSES. WE FIND SERGEANT DREW AND THE SOLDIERS RETURNING TO FORT ADVANCE...

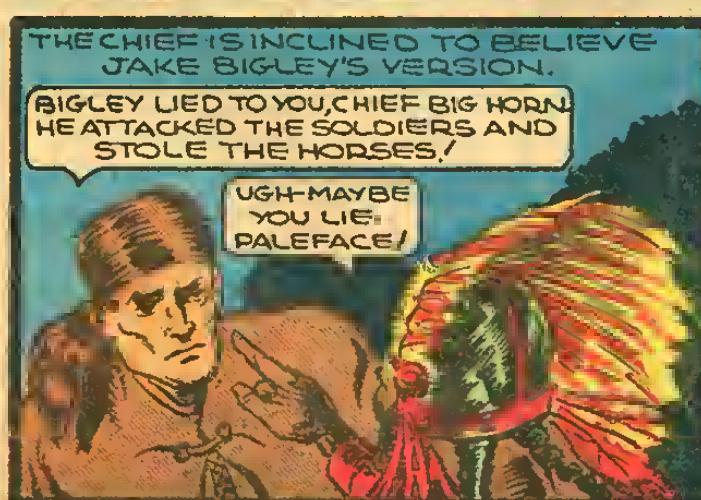
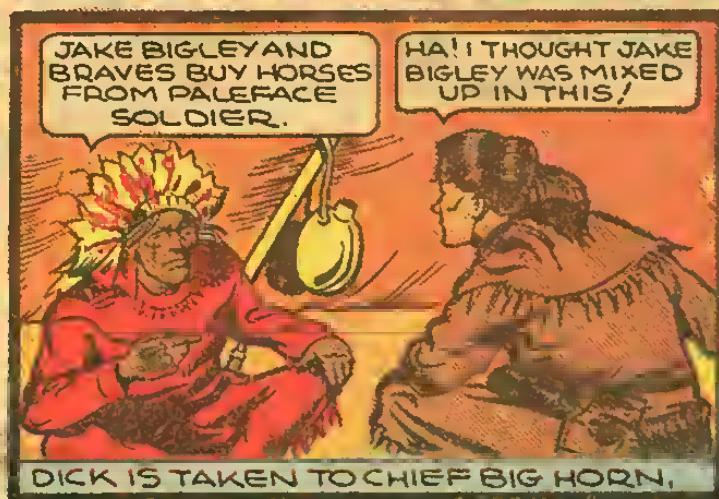
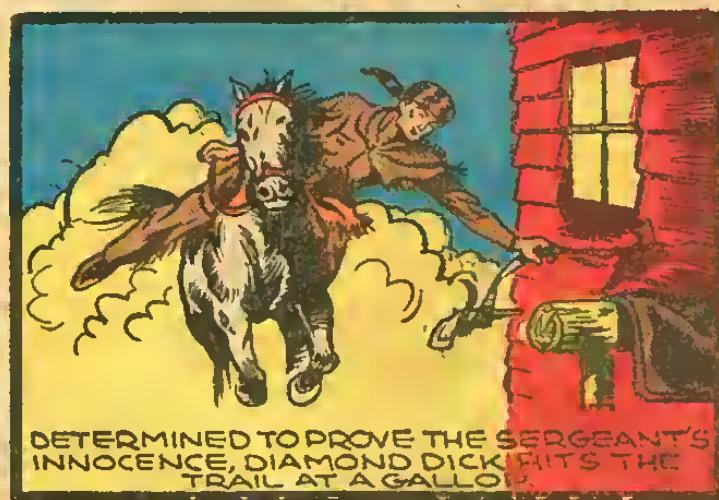


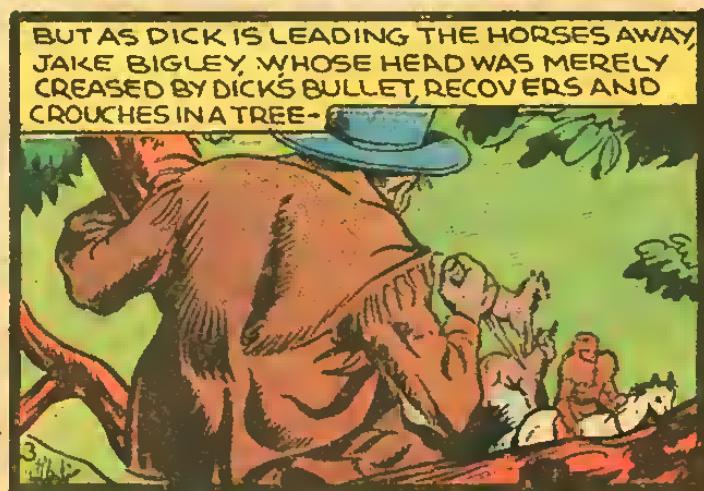
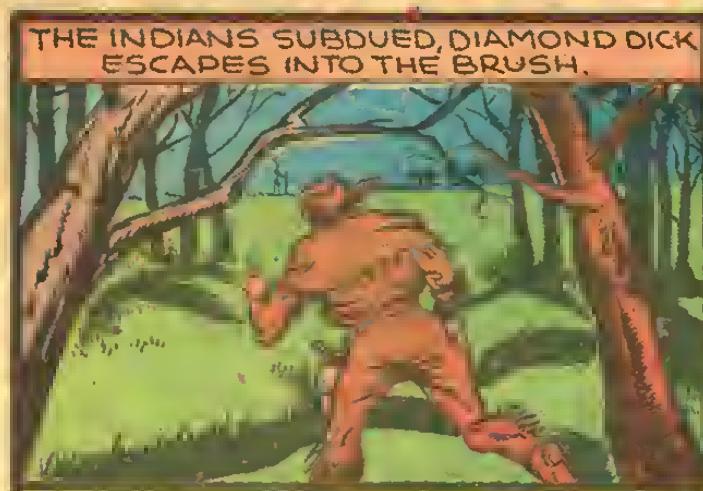
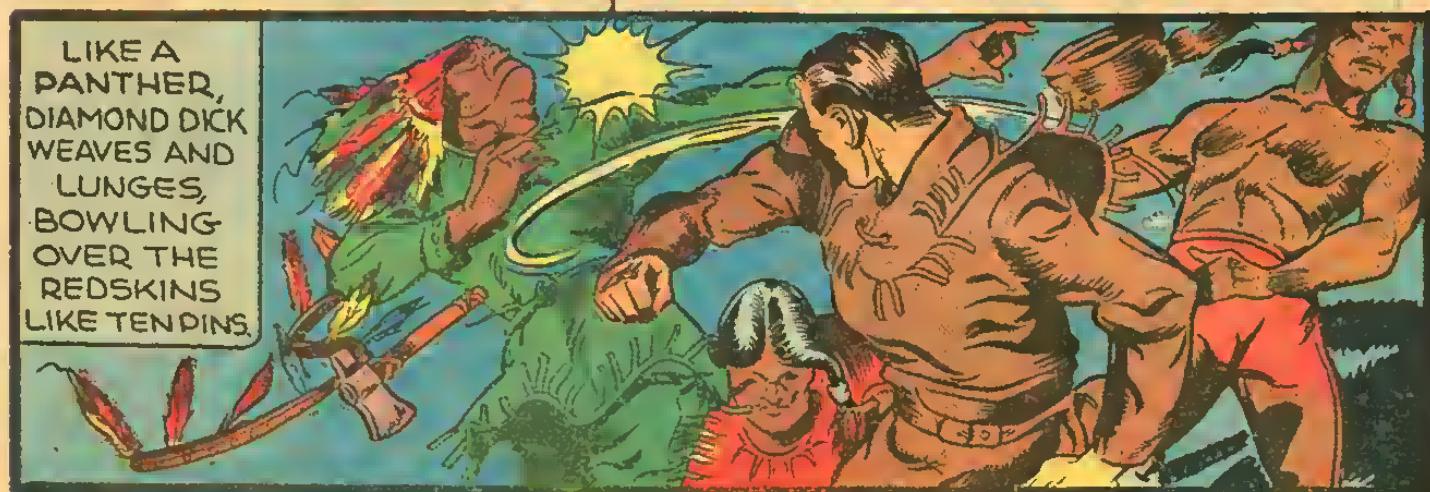
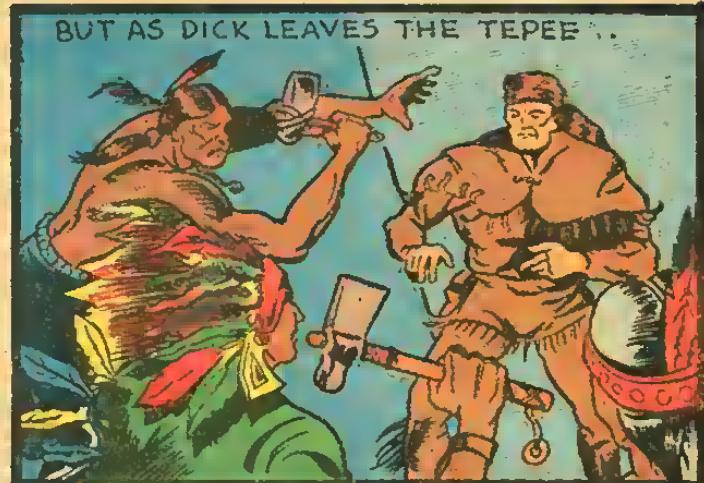
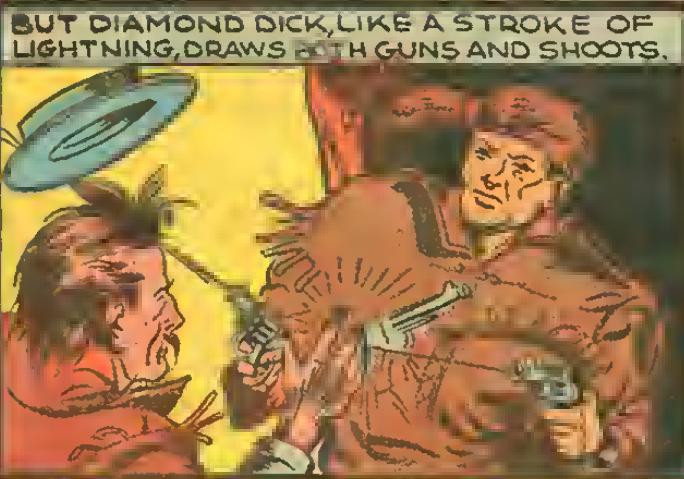
SERGEANT DREW TELLS GENERAL CUSTER AND DIAMOND DICK OF THE ATTACK.

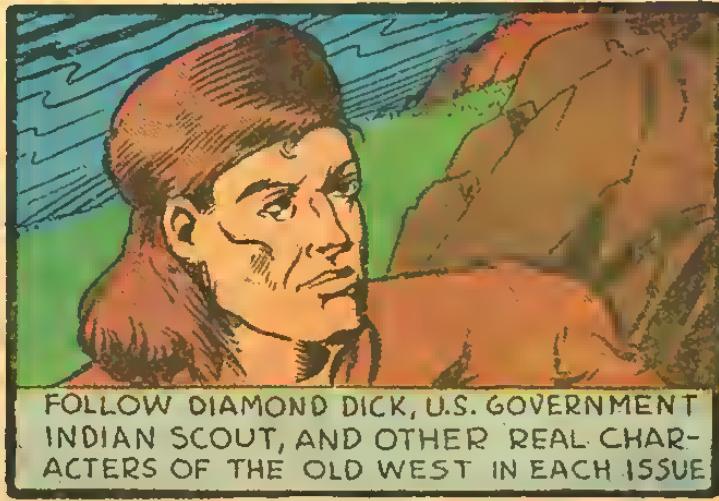
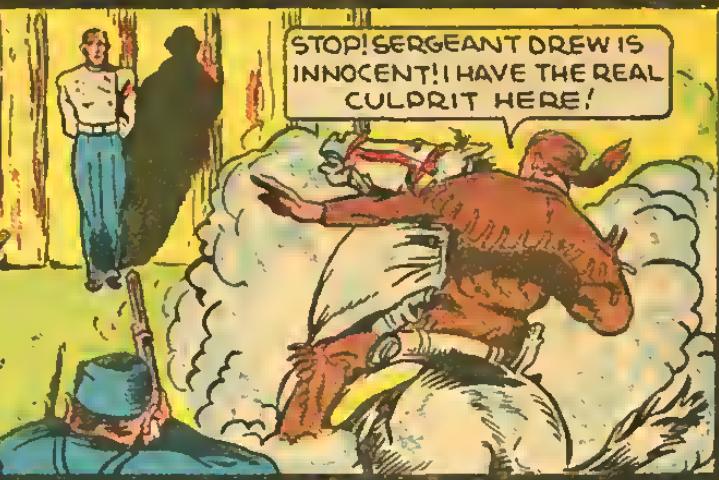
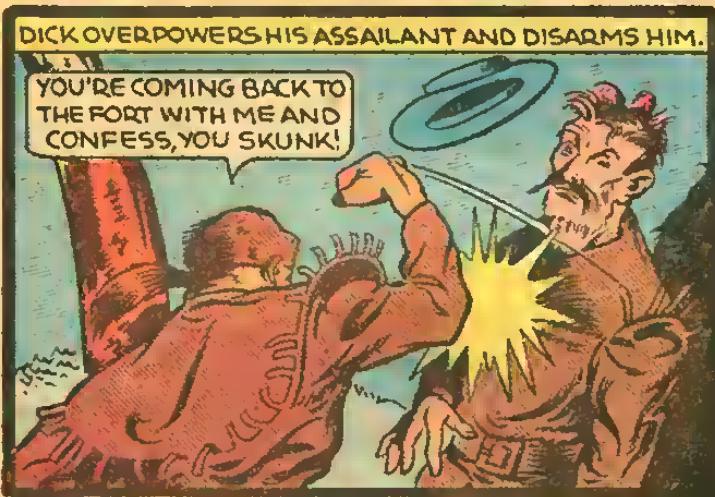


HOURS LATER, A FEW BRAVES RIDE UP TO THE FORT LEADING A BAND OF HORSES.







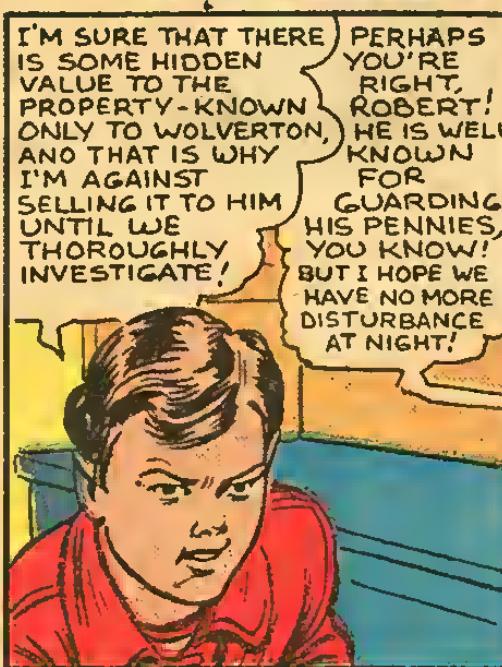
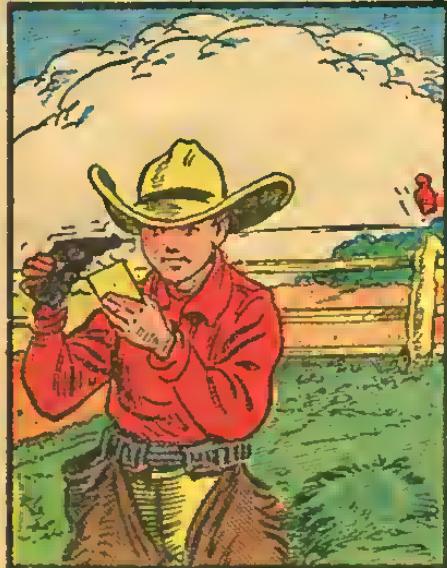


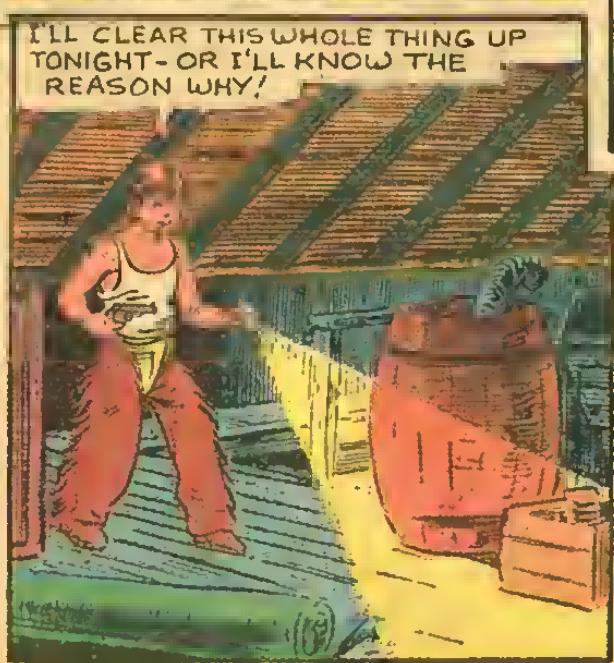
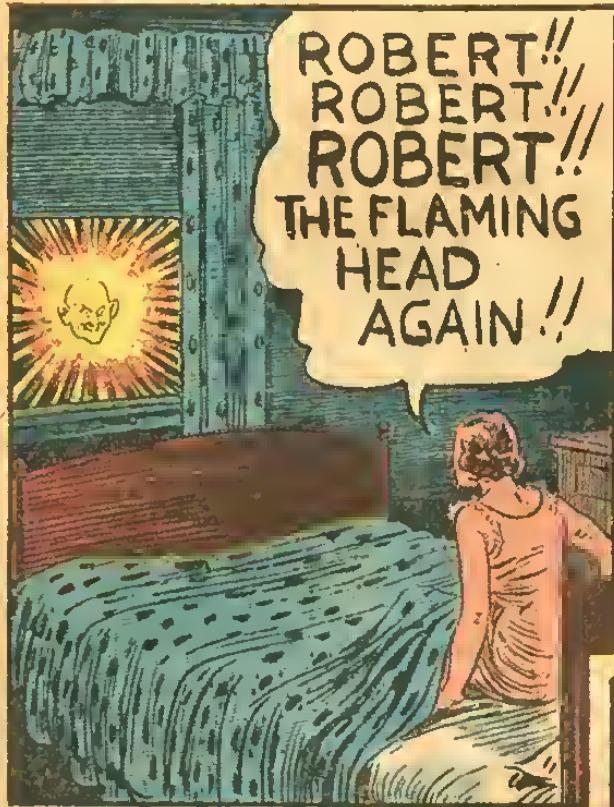
BOB BURTON

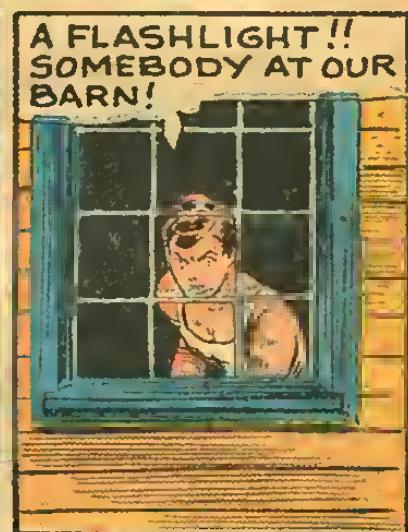
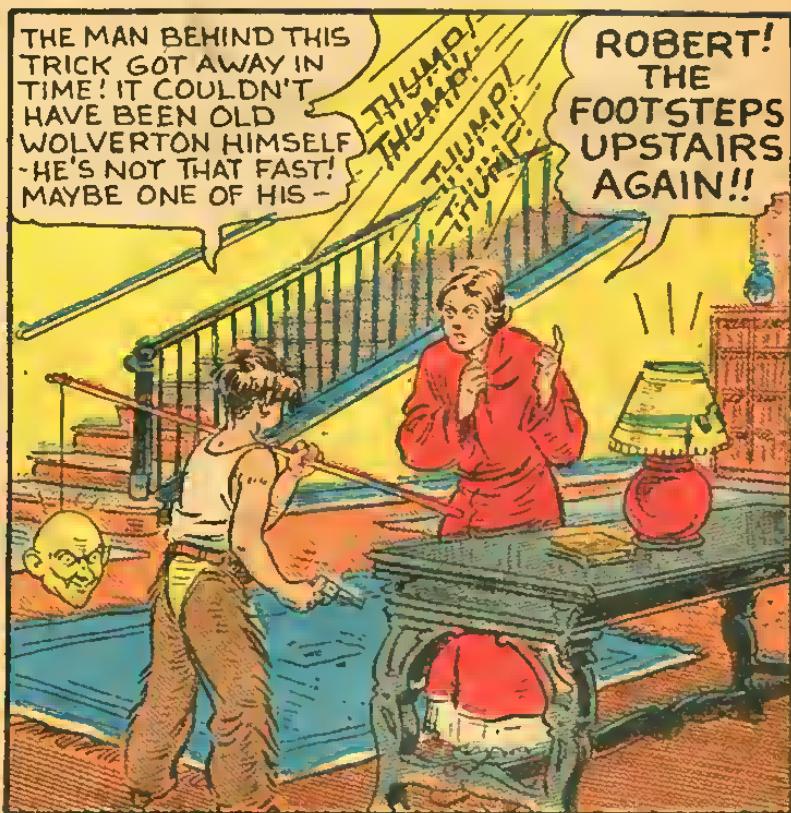
AND THE RANCH MYSTERY

BY

HORATIO ALGER, JR.









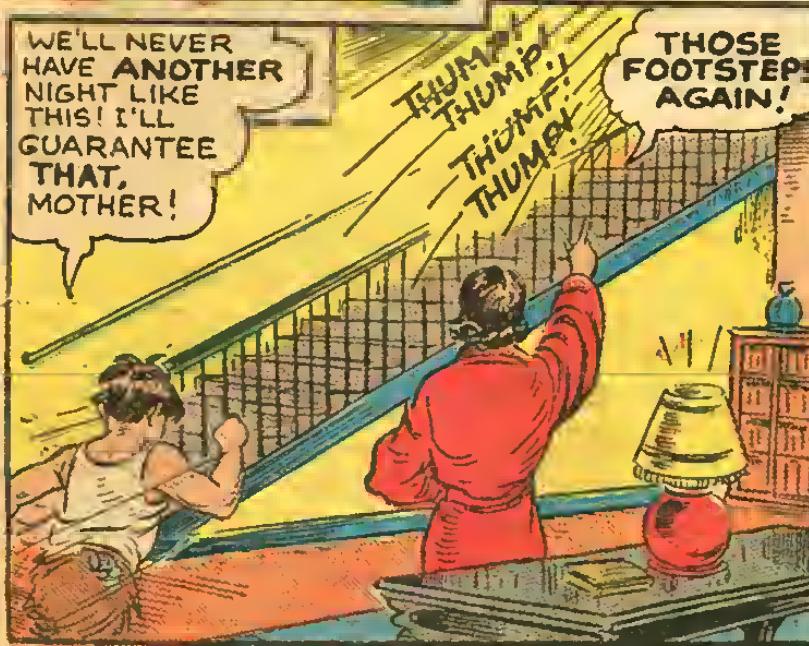
I SMELL SMOKE!



NOW HE'S TRYING TO BURN US OUT!



ROBERT! ROBERT!



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

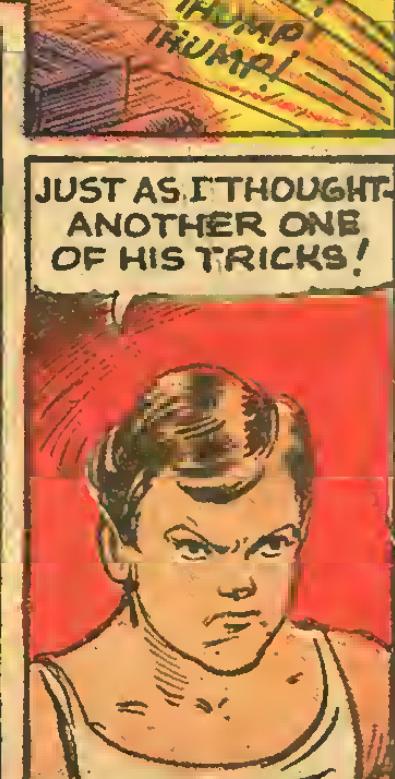
THOSE FOOTSTEPS AGAIN!



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!



JUST AS I THOUGHT —

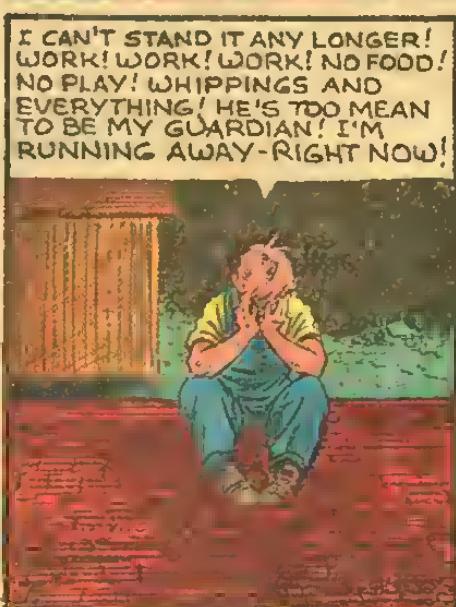
ANOTHER ONE OF HIS TRICKS!

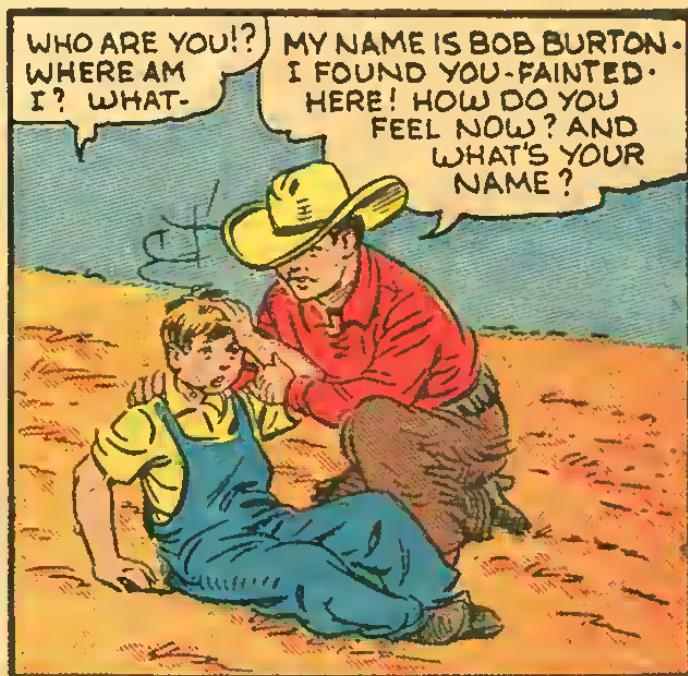
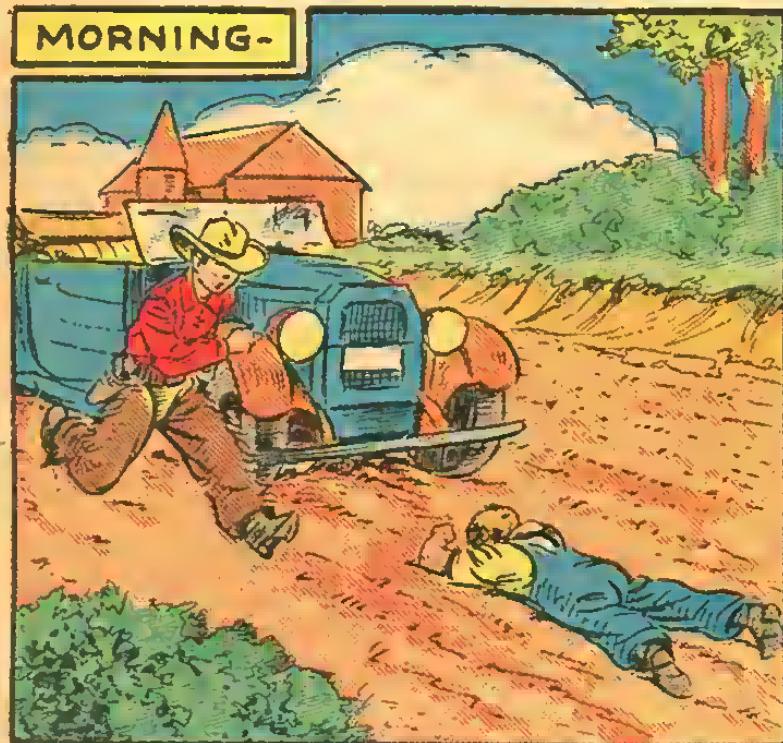


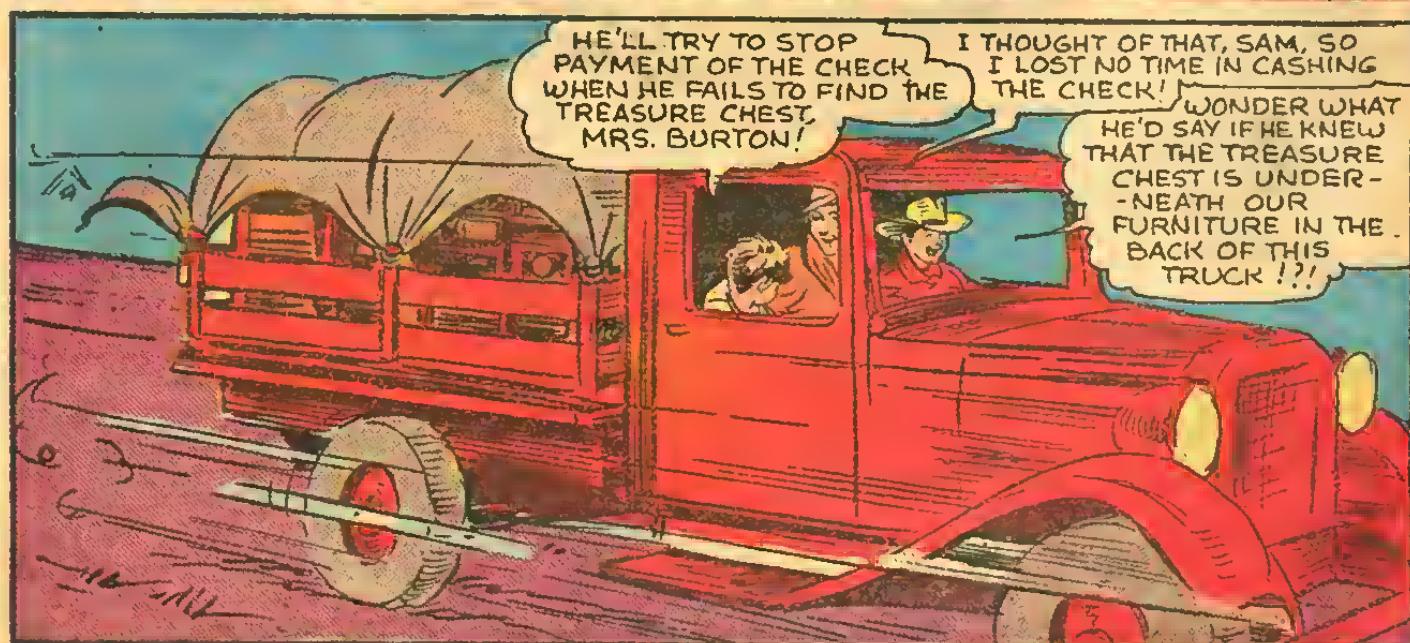
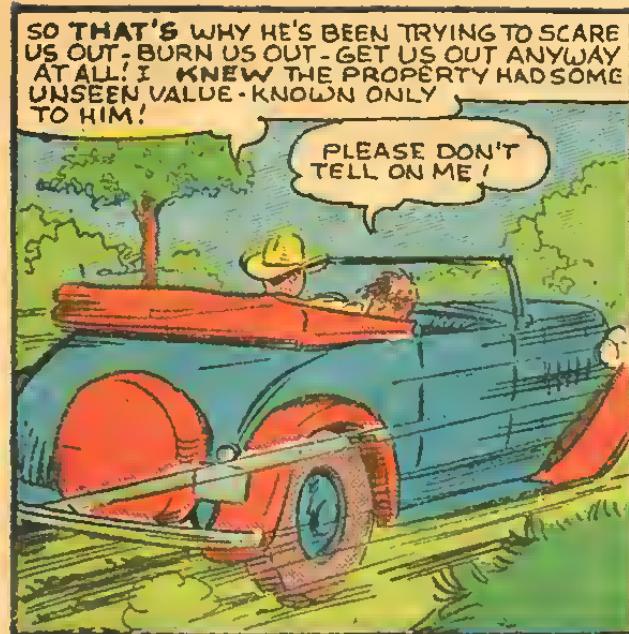
MEANWHILE



ALL RIGHT! STAY UP THERE - ALL NIGHT! - MAYBE T'MORROW Y'WON'T BE SO LAZY!

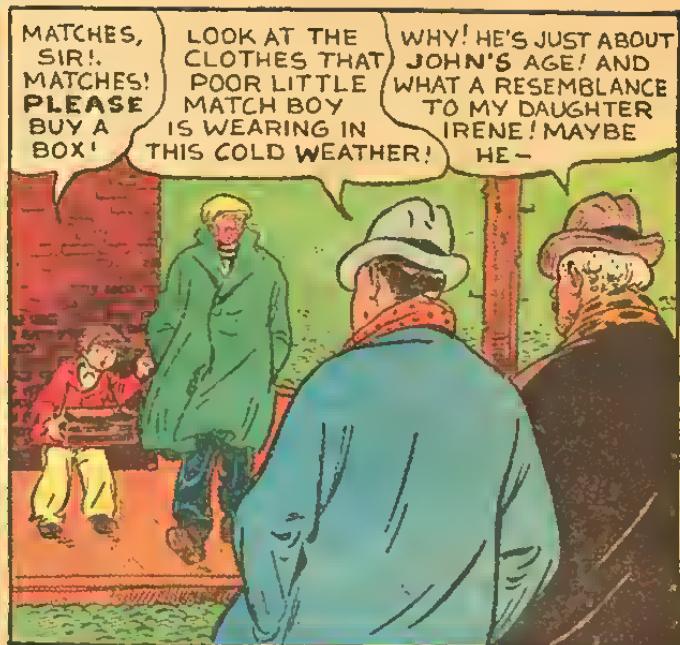






MARK THE MATCH BOY

— BY —
HORATIO ALGER, JR.

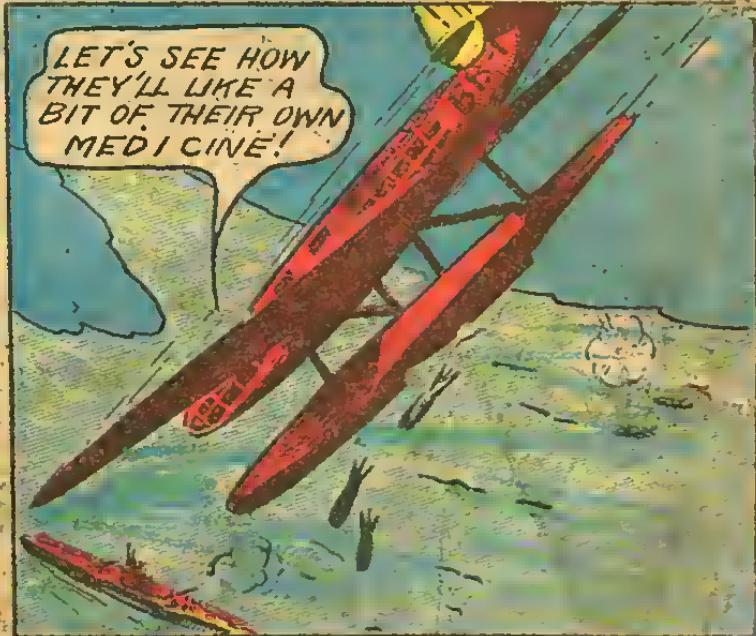
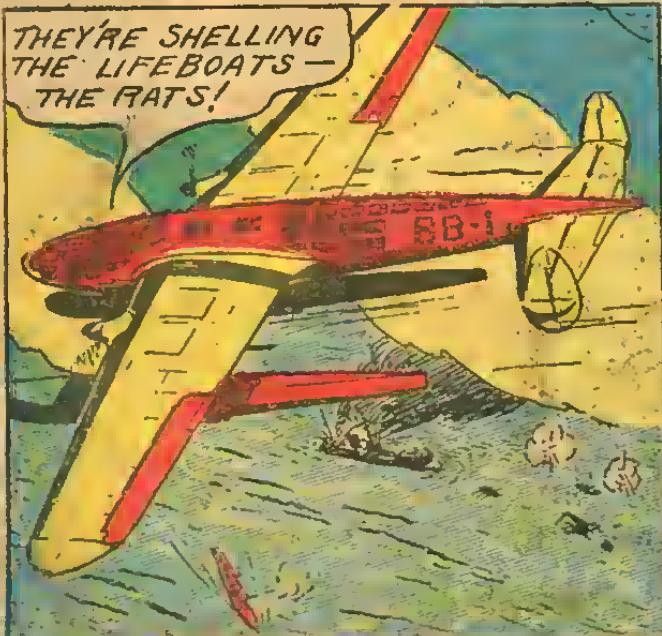


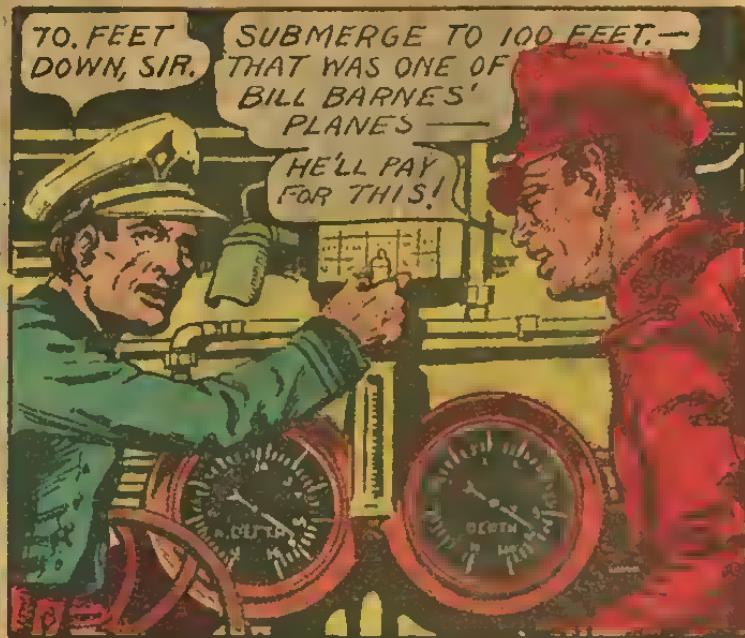
COMING
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE

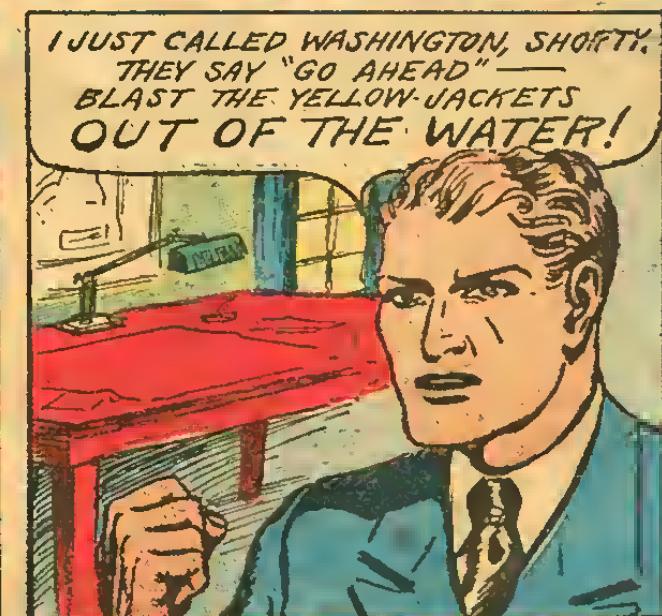
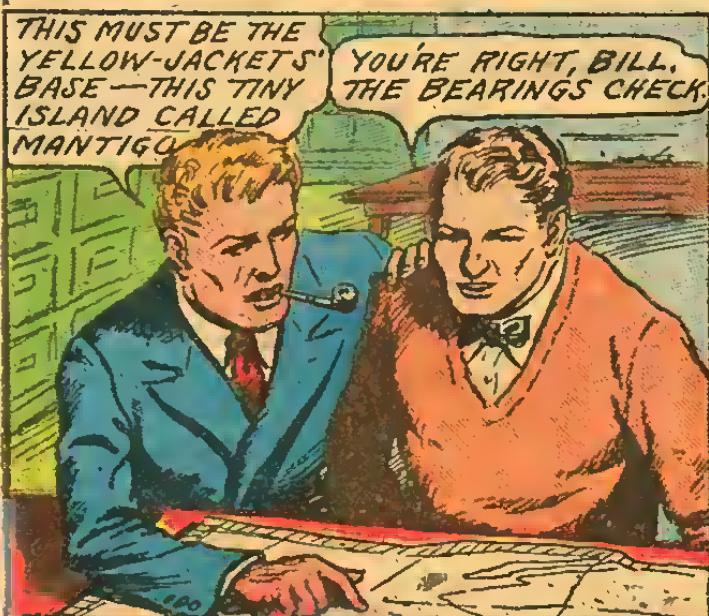
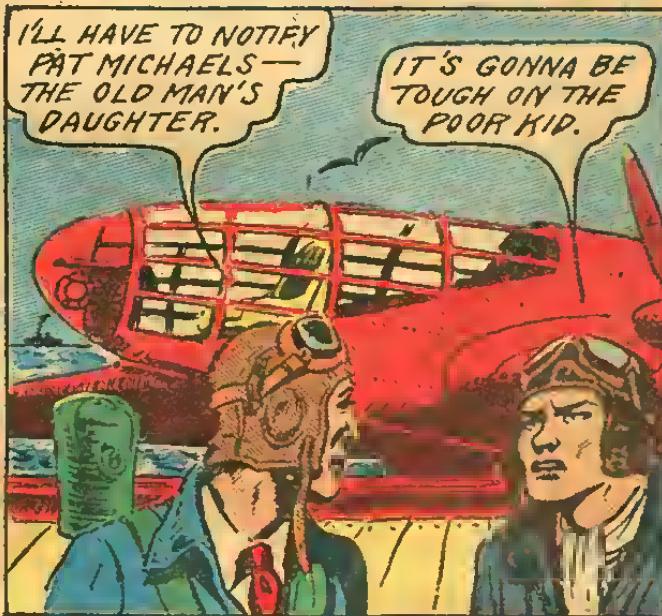
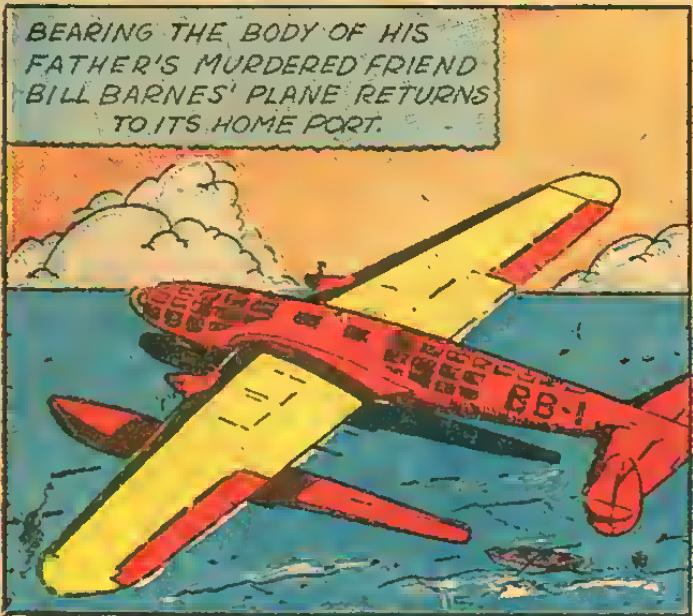
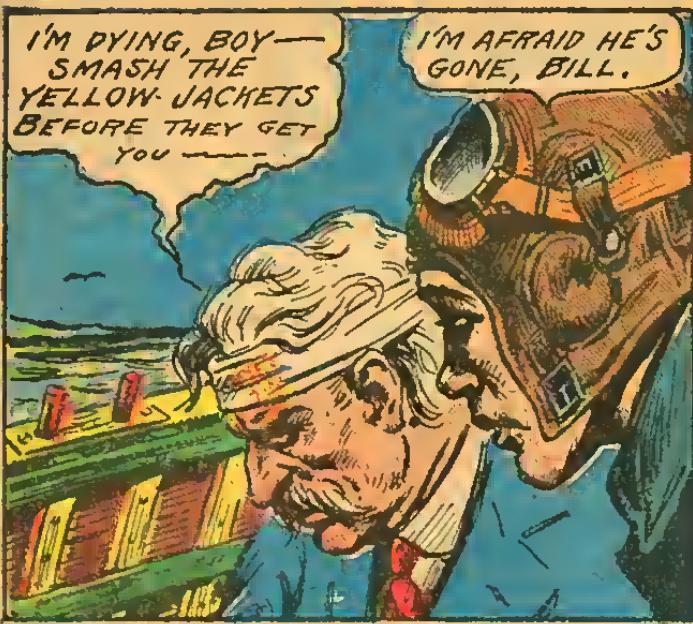




BILL BARNES, AMERICA'S ACE—Bill Barnes is truly America's ace. He is the famous aviator whose stories have long been the favorite of **DOC SAVAGE** Magazine and **AIR TRAILS**. They are illustrated by a prominent aviator and all of the incidents are accurate.







BILL'S
PHONE CALL
TO
WASHINGTON
HAS BEEN
TAPPED!



THE
"YELLOW-
JACKETS"
PREPARE TO
STRIKE!

WE START AS SOON AS WE CAN
GET THE SHIPS SERVICED.
IF WE HOP OFF AT DAYBREAK,
WE SHOULD REACH MANTIGO
BY THE FOLLOWING DAY.



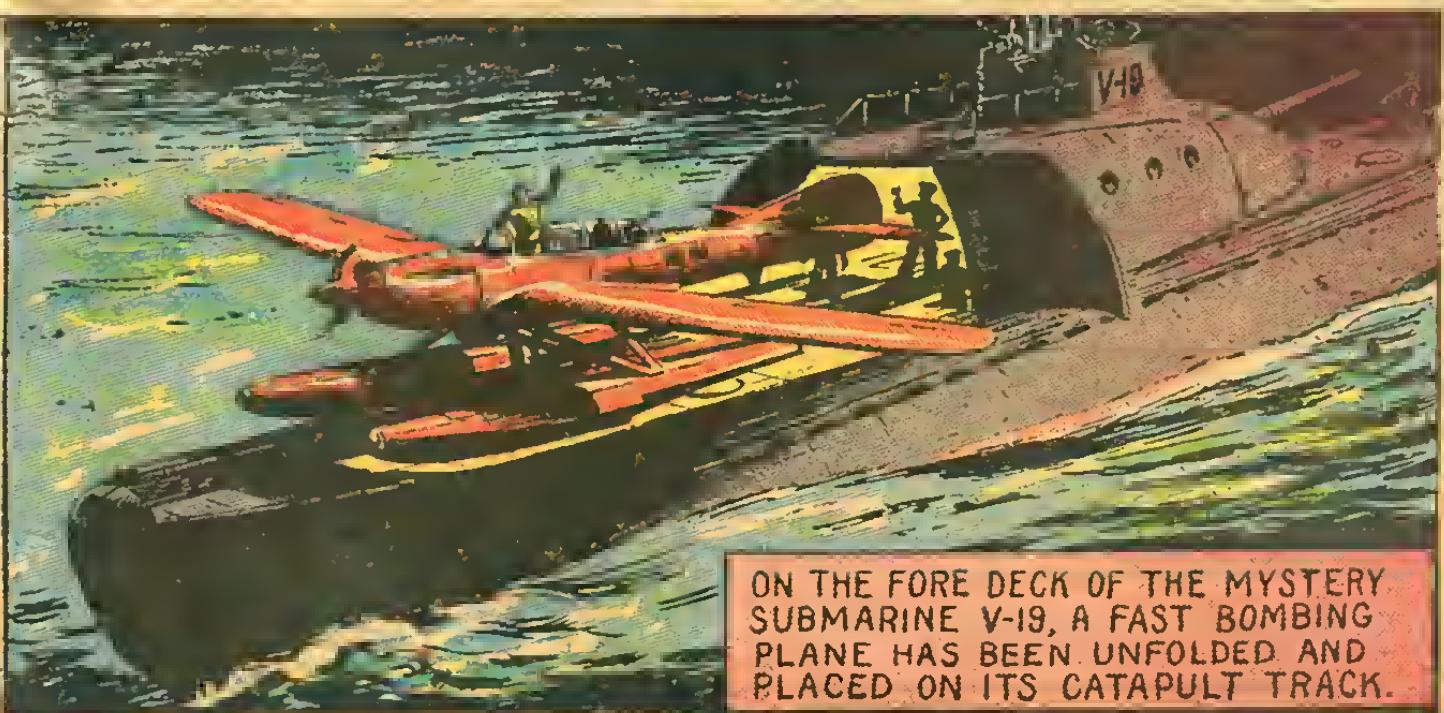
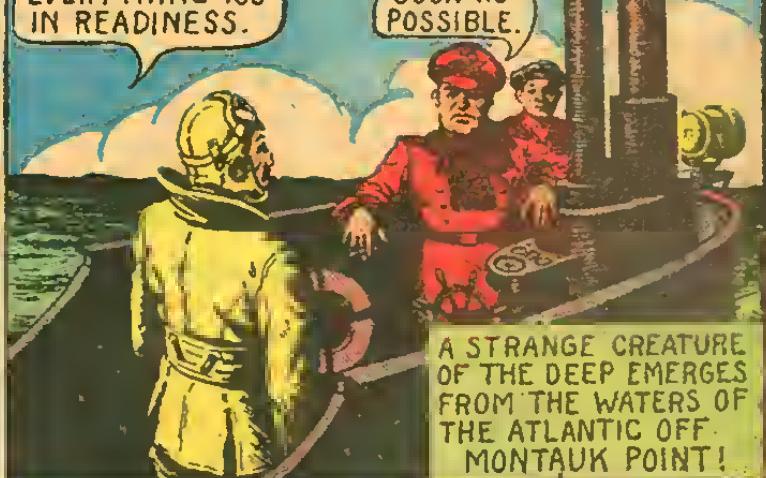
HAVE YOU
CONTACTED
THE V-19
YET, ULRICK?

I AM DECODING
A MESSAGE NOW.
SHE IS RISING
TO THE
SURFACE.

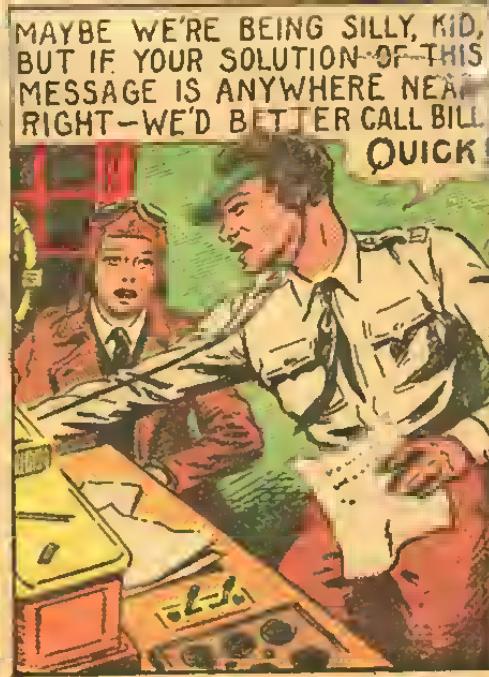
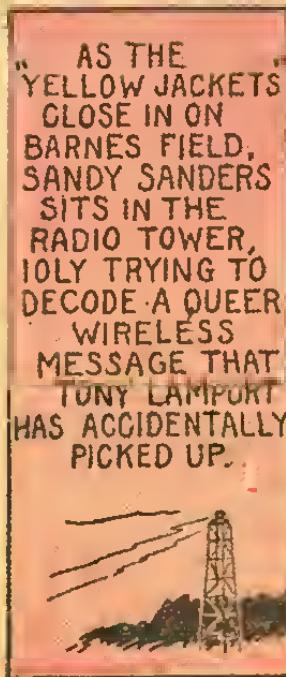
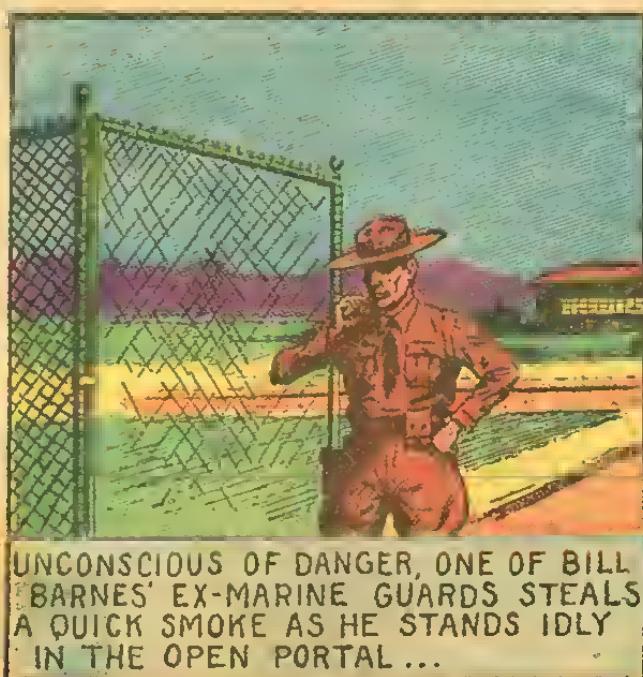
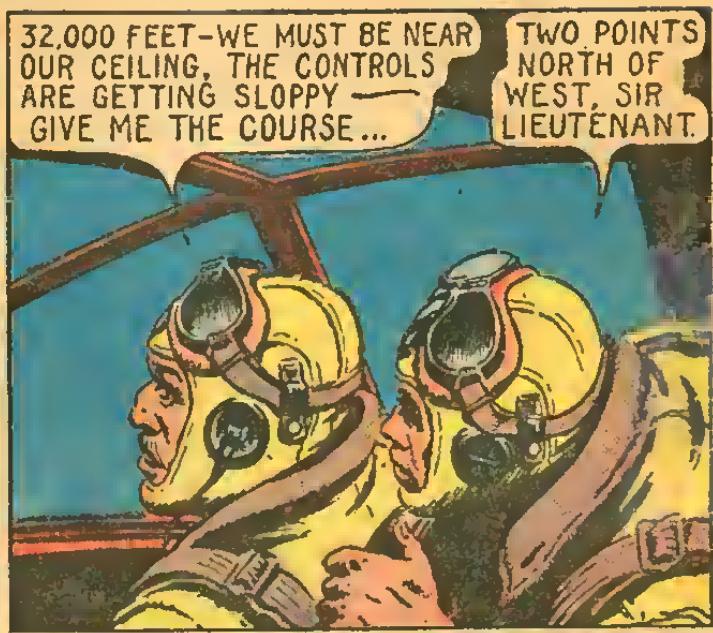


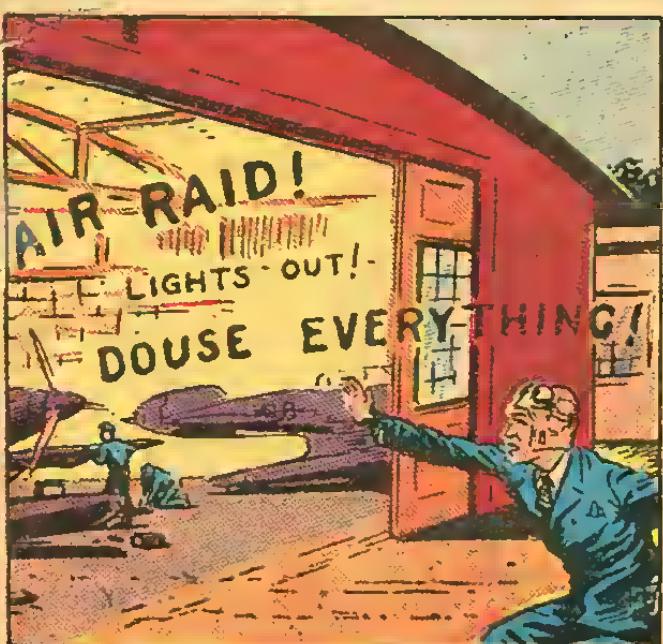
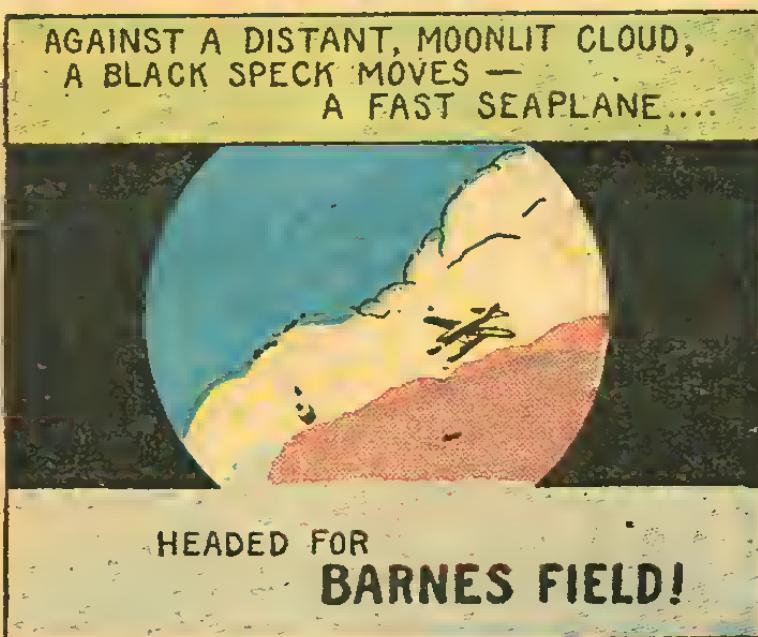
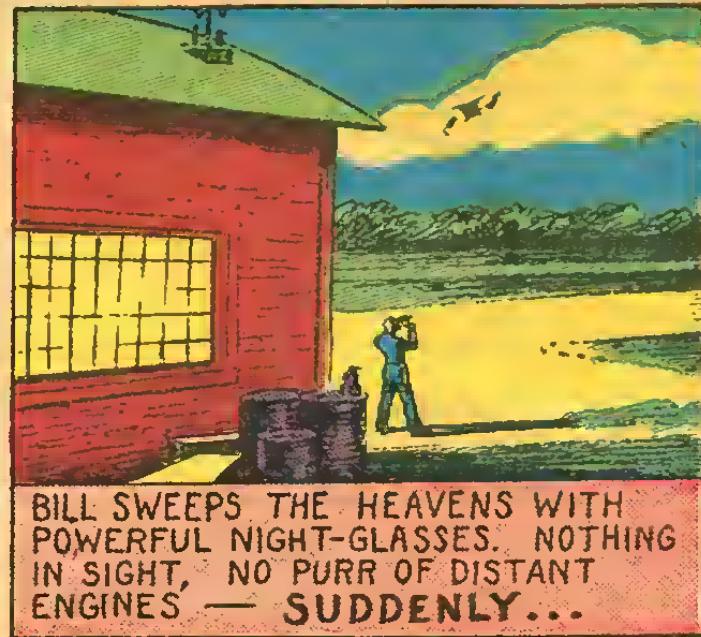
THE SHORE PARTY
HAS RADIOED,
SIR CAPTAIN.
EVERYTHING IS
IN READINESS.

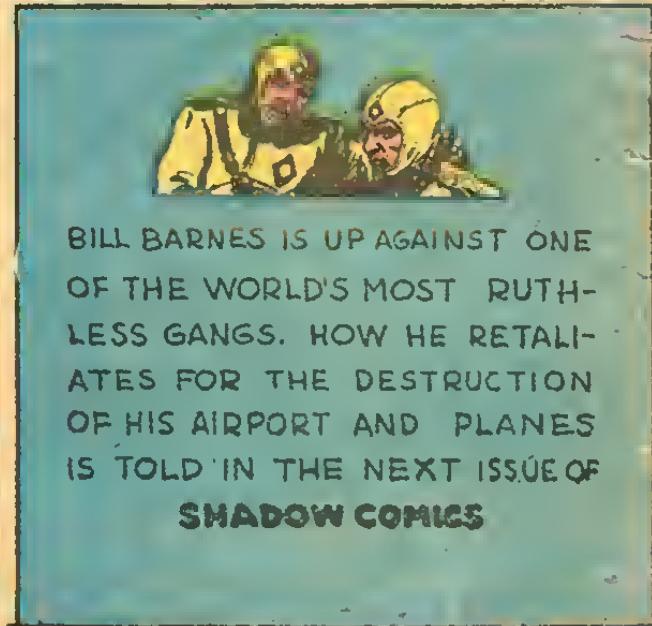
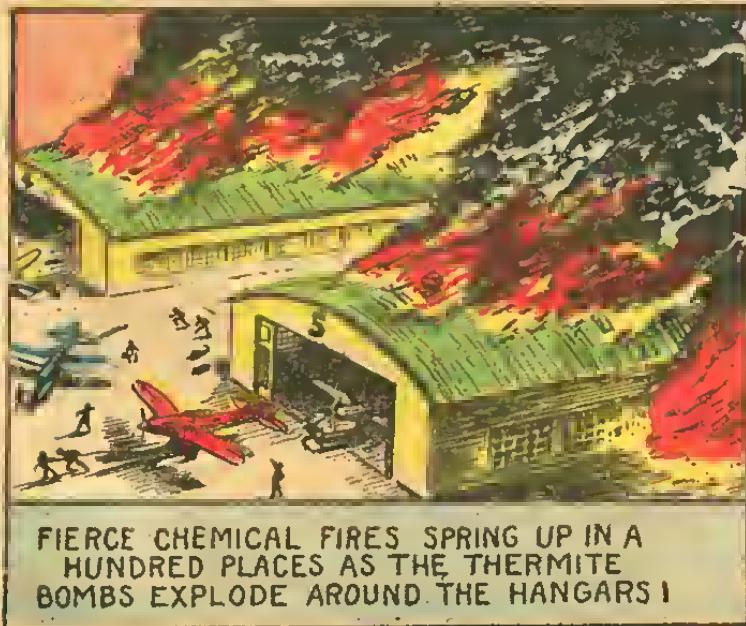
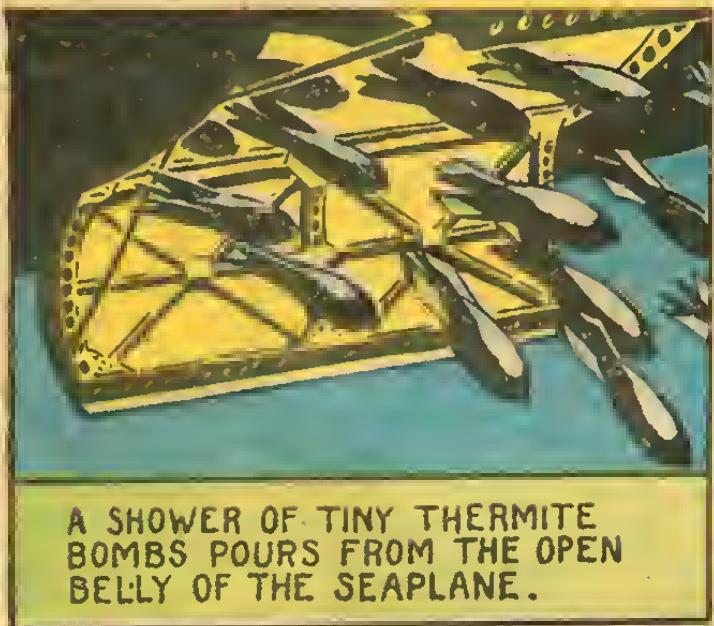
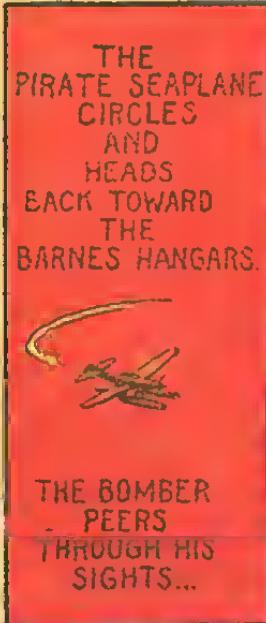
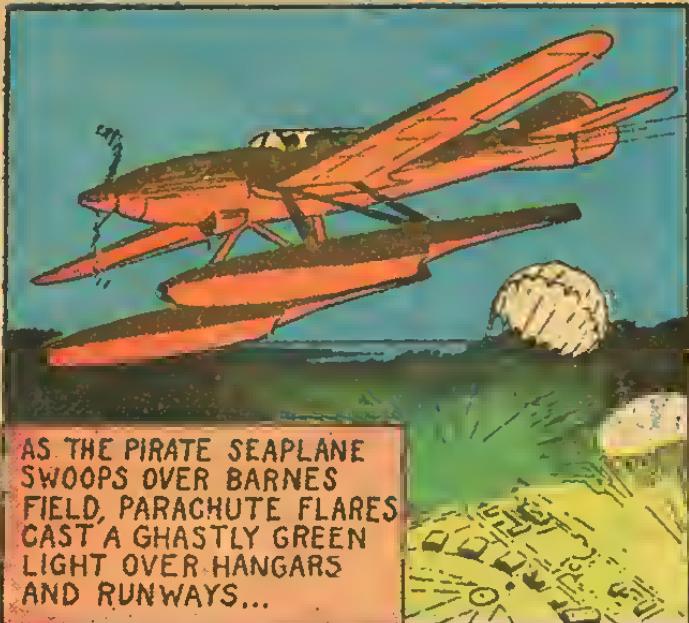
VERY GOOD
LIEUTENANT,
TAKE OFF AS
SOON AS
POSSIBLE.



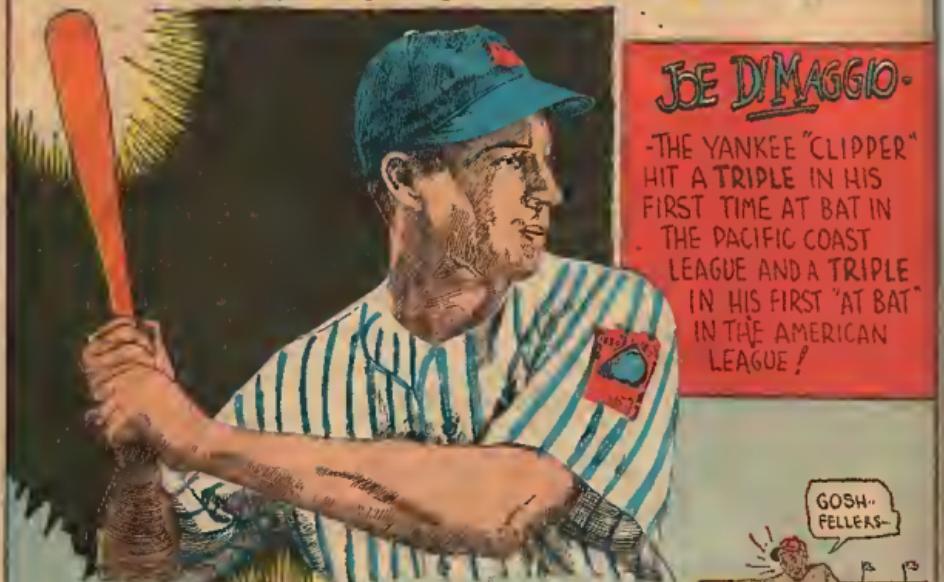
ON THE FORE DECK OF THE MYSTERY
SUBMARINE V-19, A FAST BOMBING
PLANE HAS BEEN UNFOLDED AND
PLACED ON ITS CATAPULT TRACK.







ODD SPORT NOTES.



JOE D'IMAGGIO.

THE YANKEE "CLIPPER" HIT A TRIPLE IN HIS FIRST TIME AT BAT IN THE PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE AND A TRIPLE IN HIS FIRST "AT BAT" IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE!



QUICKEST K.O.

WILLIE JACKSON KNOCKED OUT JOHNNY DUNDEE... WITH ONE PUNCH!



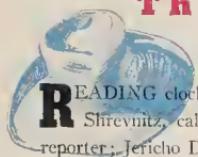
WHEN ST. LOUIS FANS PUT ON A BOOSTER DAY FOR TERRY MOORE-- CARD OUTFIELDER-- TWO TRUCKS WERE NEEDED TO CARRY THE PRESENTS FROM THE PARK ..



WHILTON WILLIAMS WAS PRACTICING HIS STROKES BY DRIVING GOLF BALLS AGAINST A WALL 40 YDS. AWAY... ONE BALL BOUNCED BACK AND KNOCKED HIM COLD.



The Shadow and his Agents



READING clockwise from The Shadow, they are Moe Shirevitz, cab driver; Clyde Burke, star newspaper reporter; Jericho Druke, giant Negro; Cliff Marsland, disguised as gangster; Burbank, The Shadow's contact man; Harry Vincent, chief aide of The Shadow; and Hawkeye, The Shadow's expert spotter.

The Shadow scourge of the underworld, weird creature of the night, whose chilling laugh is the bane of criminals the world over—the exploits of this amazing crime fighter and his agents appear in each issue of

